VOL. CCXVII, No. 2832 REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM THE SPHERE, MAY 22, 1954 4/-

The SPHERE

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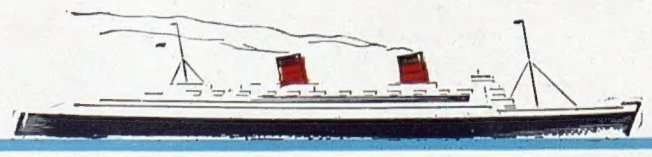

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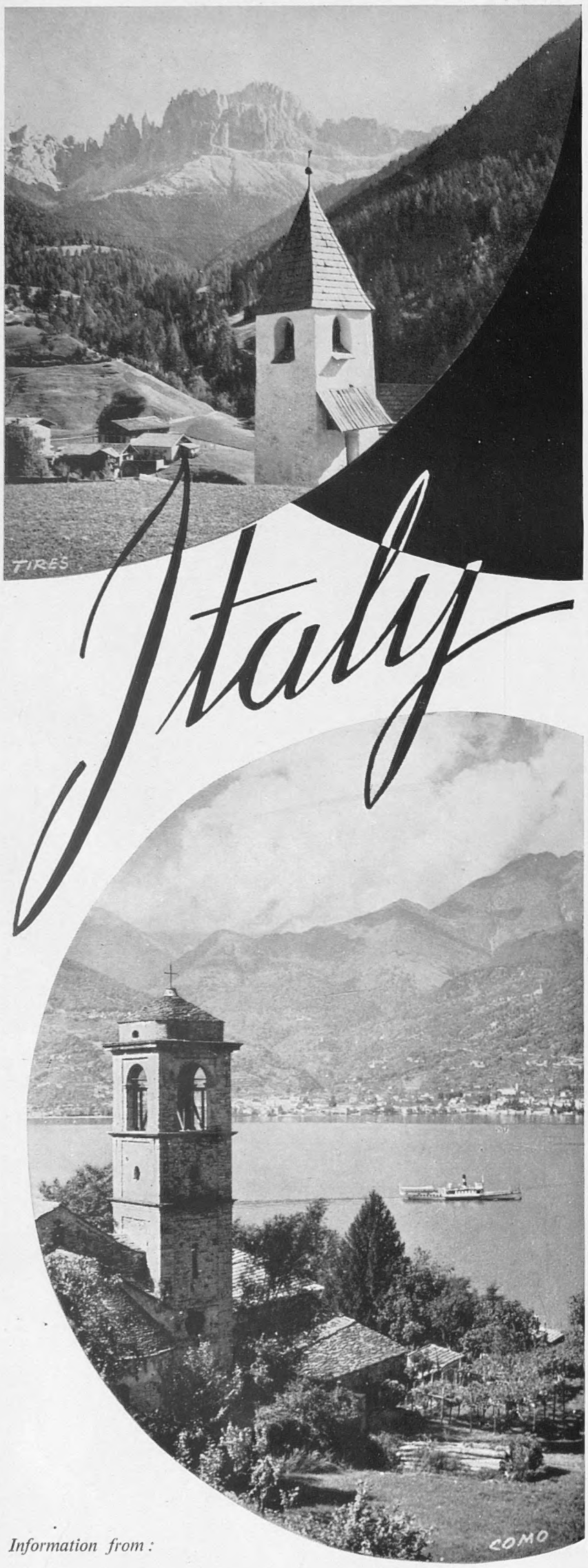

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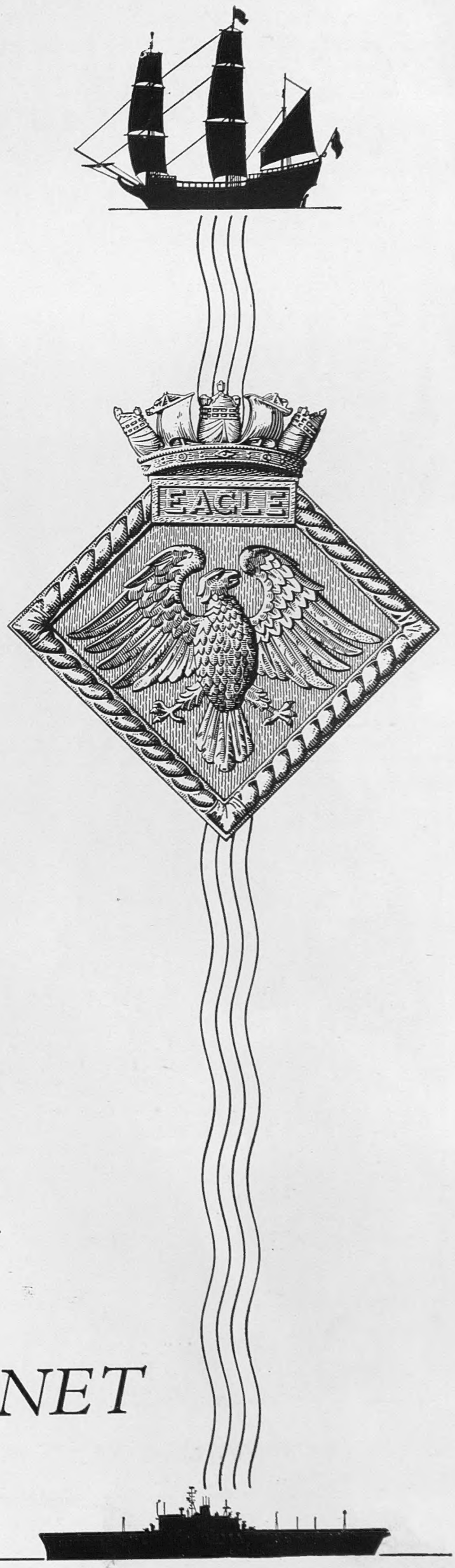

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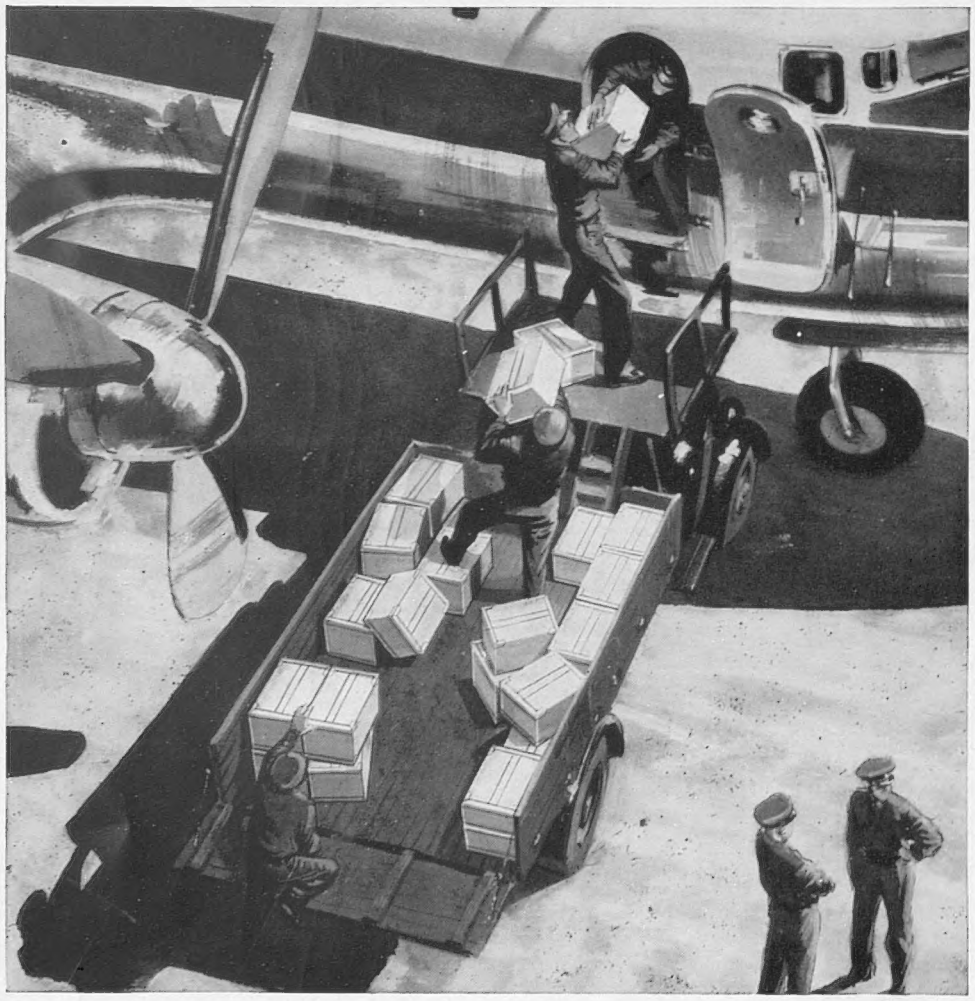

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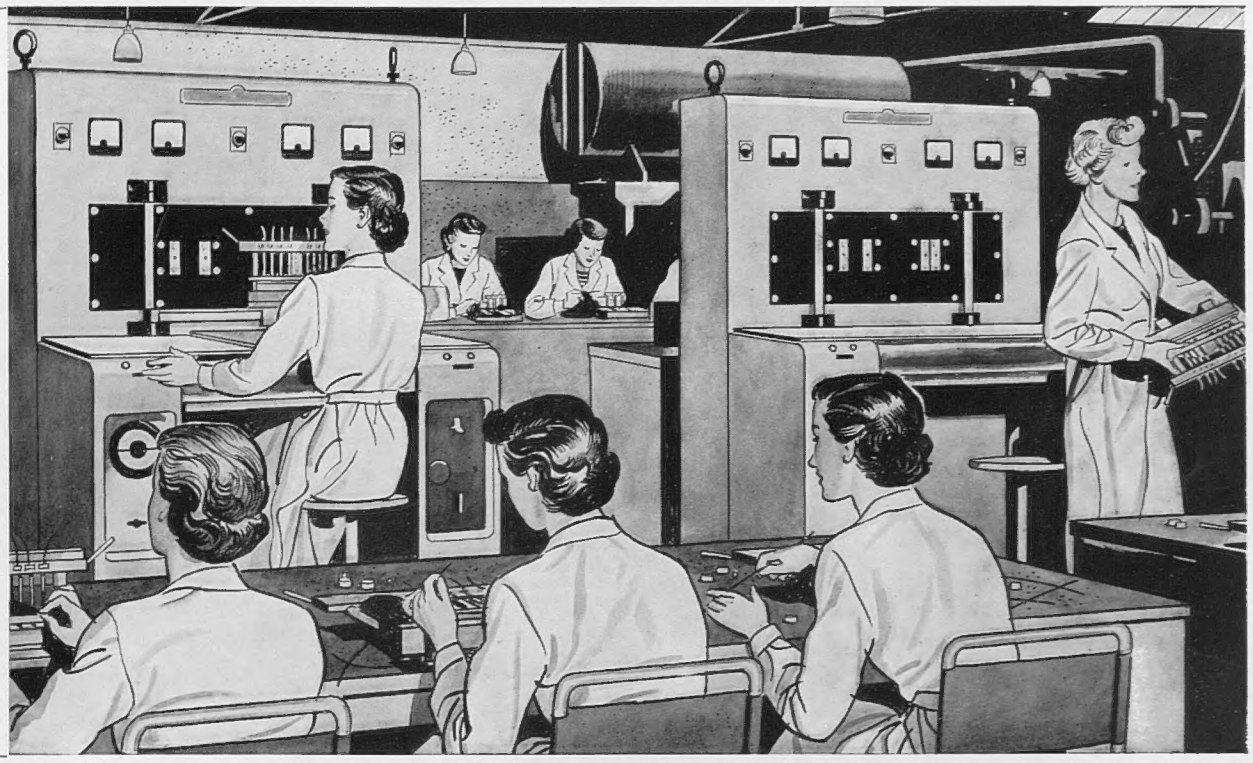

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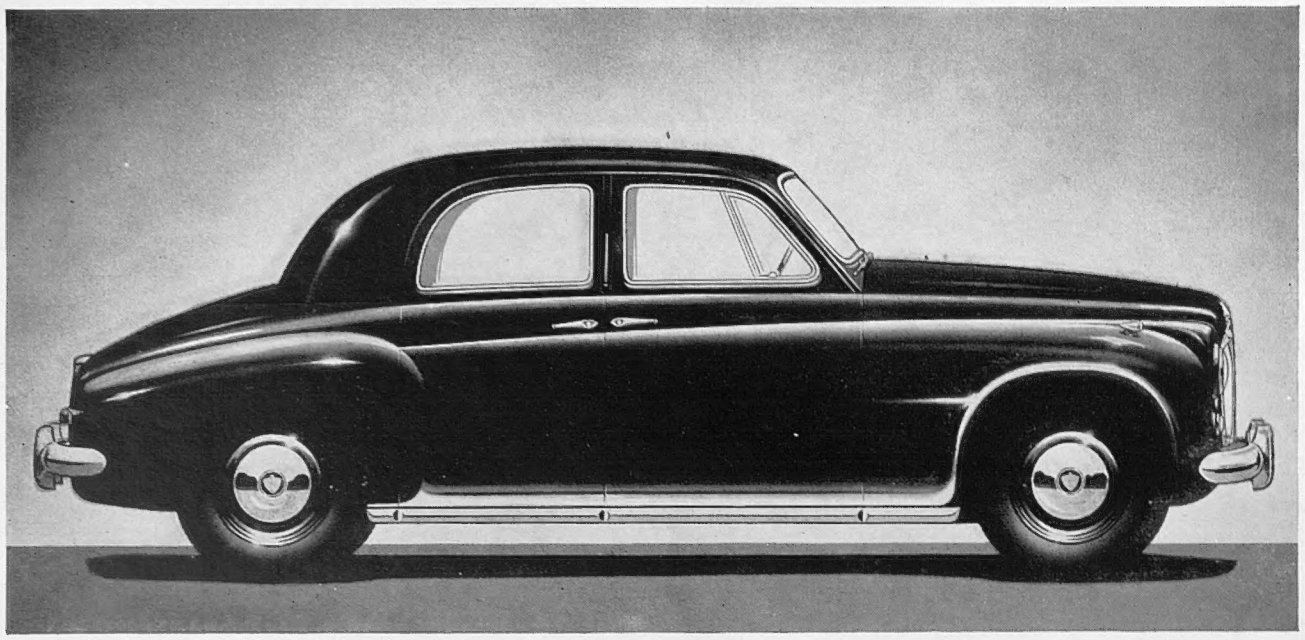

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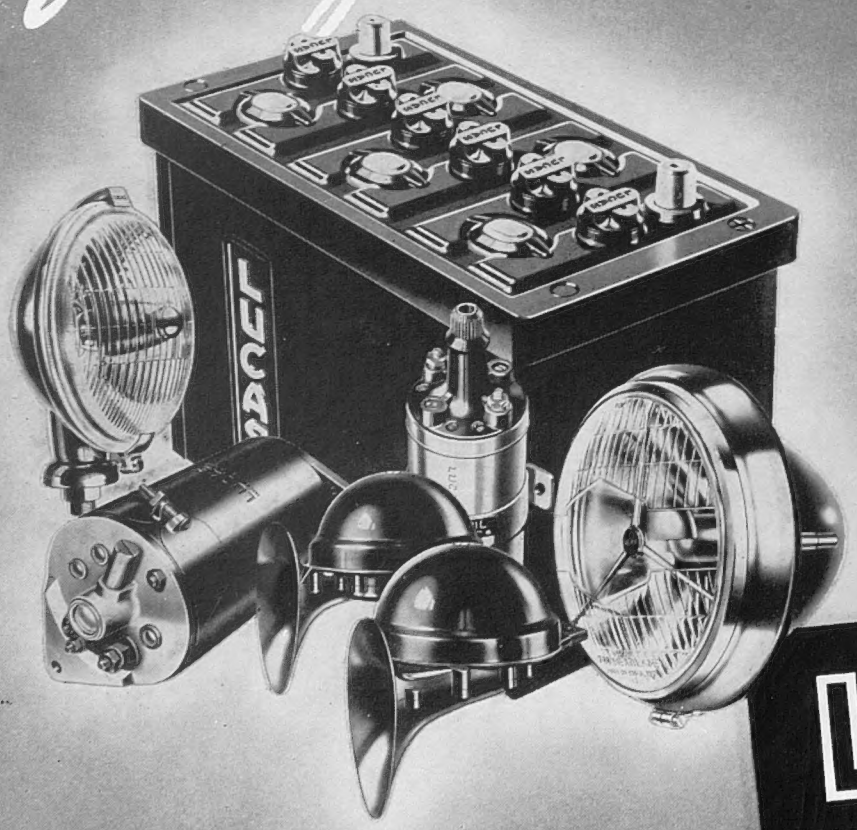

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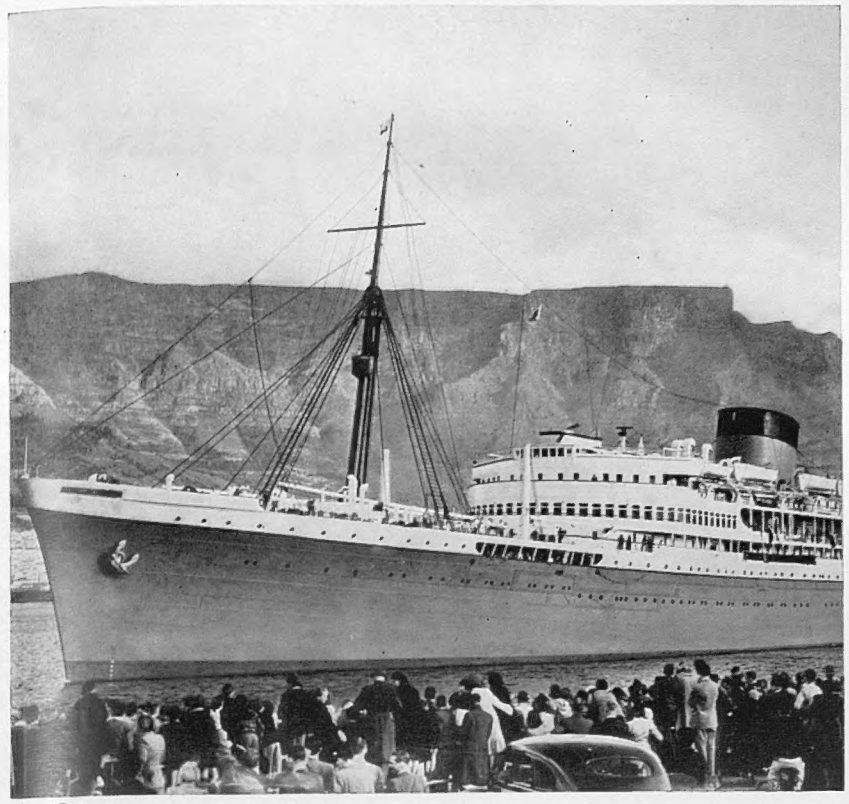

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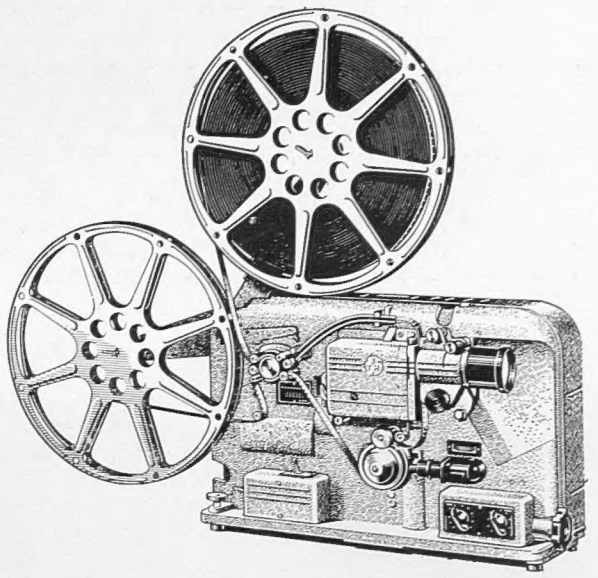

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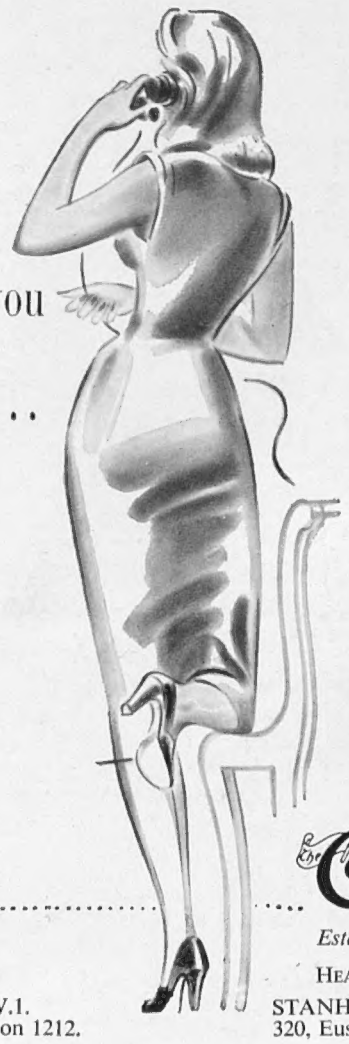

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(Parts of an account of Richard Chancelor's voyage to Russia in 1553, taken from "The Principall Navigations of the English Nation" Vol. 1, edited by Richard Hakluyt in 1589)

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Volume CCXVII No. 2832

The SPHERE, London, May 22, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE REUNION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN LONDON—QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN ARRIVE AT WESTMINSTER AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE ROYAL TOUR: They are seen with the Queen Mother; Princess Margaret; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent just before setting out on the State drive to Buckingham Palace. Great crowds had assembled to give the Royal travellers a warm welcome.

The homecoming of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after their six-month tour of the British Commonwealth and Empire was a memorable occasion, despite the fact that the weather was not at its best. From the moment the Royal yacht *Britannia* entered home waters until the time of the State drive from Westminster Pier to Buckingham Palace, vast crowds gathered at all vantage-points to cheer the Royal arrival. First came the meeting with the Home Fleet, then the journey up the English Channel, past the assembled warships and merchant shipping, to the Thames Estuary, and eventually the voyage from Southend to Tower Bridge, where the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were waiting to greet the Royal travellers. Just prior to the arrival at the Tower, 180 jet aircraft swept overhead in salute. Later, in the afternoon, the Queen, the Duke and the two children embarked in the Royal barge and then, accompanied by Fast Patrol Boats and police launches, sped to Westminster Pier to receive the greetings of other members of the Royal Family; the Prime Minister and many prominent persons. As the Queen landed a Royal salute was fired and church bells throughout the land pealed out in welcome. Finally, came the State drive through gaily-bedecked and crowded streets to Buckingham Palace and the appearances on the Balcony—and the triumphant and memorable Royal Tour of the British Commonwealth was over.

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THE LITTLE SHIPS WELCOME THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE THAMES ESTUARY OFF SOUTHEND: The *Britannia* gliding majestically into the [illegible]ne Estuary, escorted by the Fast Patrol Boats, *Gay Bombadier*, *Gay Charioteer*, *Gay Charger* and *Gay Fencer*. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were gree[illegible]by hundreds of motor vessels and sailing-boats, all gaily decorated with bunting and crowded with sightseers. Many of these ships were veterans of the evacuat[illegible]of Dunkirk.

THE "BRITANNIA" PASSES TILBURY ON HER JOURNEY UP THE RIVER: Flying the Royal Standard at the masthead, the Royal yacht passes a landing-stage at the docks. As the *Britannia* passed Tilbury Fort she was cheered by members of the Essex Home Guard. A crowd of over 10,000 lined the bank there, while on the river itself there were three crowded ferry-boats. About 2,000 passengers, visitors and crew aboard the liner *Orcades* also took the opportunity of greeting the Queen.

"Britannia" Glides Up-River

SOUTHEND PIER IS ENJOYED TO THE FULL : Crowds jammed at the end of the famous pier to watch the Royal yacht *Britannia* pass as she sailed up the Thames Estuary. It was a great day for Southend, and from an early hour thousands of people had crowded their way to the end of the longest pier in the country. As the *Britannia* came by, the crowd on the pier spontaneously gave three deafening cheers. From the pierhead the town's Mayor, Alderman E. N. Selby, sailed on the Corporation launch at the head of a huge convoy of little ships to add to the town's greeting.

On left—

THE "BRITANNIA" AT WAPPING : The Royal Family, together with Sir Winston Churchill, can just be seen on the saluting-platform above the bridge of the yacht, waving in reply to the crowds who stood to cheer from every possible vantage-point along the banks and on the river.

REPLYING TO THE CHEERS FROM LONDON'S RIVERSIDE : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, together with Prince Charles and Sir Winston Churchill, are seen on the special saluting-platform above the bridge of the *Britannia* as the Royal yacht sailed past Wapping.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS UP THE RIVER

An Account of the Queen's Journey from the Great Nore Tower to Westminster Pier

By L. M. BATES *(Aboard the Trinity House Yacht "Patricia")*

A GOLDEN thread which has girdled the globe, tracing its pattern of loyalty and inspiration across much of our overseas heritage, began its concluding motif of sober pride in great achievement when the superstructure of the Royal yacht *Britannia* and the masts of H.M.S. *Duchess* and *Decoy* cut the eastern horizon in the foyer of the Thames at 9.30 a.m. on May 15.

Sea and river virtually meet at the Great Nore Tower, and the Estuary has a remoteness and detachment which gave no hint of the great welcome awaiting the Queen higher up the tideway. Here, coming into the greatest waters of the Thames, the Queen's arrival had all the formal dignity of a Services occasion. *Duchess* and *Decoy* turned away to give place to the close naval escort of four Fast Patrol Boats ; the escorting aircraft dipped in salute and wheeled off, although they were soon replaced by a flight of Press and newsreel planes.

The Trinity House pilotage cutter *Viking* went alongside the yacht to put aboard the Channel and river pilots honoured with the task of taking *Britannia* up the forty-nine miles of twisting fairway to the Pool, and Commander A. M. Coleman, the P.L.A. Harbour Master, took station ahead in his launch, the *Nore*.

It was still a naval welcome when the yacht entered the Yantlet dredged channel. A salute of twenty-one guns, the noise blown away by the cross-river wind, puffed smoke from the battery at Sheerness, and the *Britannia* and her escorts passed between vessels of the Surveying and Minesweeping Services, whose crews cheered with a drilled precision in some contrast with the ragged but no less heartfelt greetings to be met further upstream.

Then the Queen got a foretaste of London River's great civilian welcome. Between No. 2 Sea Reach Buoy and the Chapman Light were some ten miles of craft ; yachts, tugs, coasters, barges, shilling-a-trip launches, skiffs, etc., packed with humanity roaring greetings. Small boats danced madly in the wash caused by the escort vessels, their passengers clinging for life with one hand and waving with the other. On the south side of the river were the craft from the Medway. Even two bawleys trawling for shrimps far off inshore had each put up a string of tiny flags. From Southend Pier came the Mayor of Southend in the Corporation barge, the first of a number of civic dignitaries to speed the Queen on her way home.

Meanwhile, at No 5 Sea Reach Buoy a traditional service had made its bow to the Queen in the form of the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*. By what is usually believed to be an ancient right, but which, in fact, appears to date back little more than a century, the Corporation of Trinity House have the privilege of attending the Sovereign afloat, and their vessel took station ahead.

Between Canvey Island and Woolwich, the banks of the Thames have been only sparsely developed. But on this day there were small groups of spectators at every vantage point, while at places like the Oil Havens, Lower Hope Point, Coalhouse Point, Shornemead, etc., there were large crowds of people who, lacking good access to the water, must in some cases have walked long distances over the roughest tracks.

The next big centre of welcome was at Gravesend. Every inch of waterfront was packed ; everything that floated (and most things float at Gravesend) bore a burden of enthusiasm. The old streets climbing up from the riverside resembled grandstands. A great civic "Welcome Home" sign was flanked by many private messages of greeting and miles of bunting. But it was in noise that Gravesend surpassed all other forms of welcome. It has long been a tideway custom to greet Royalty afloat with "cock-a-doodle-do" or the steam whistle. It began this time here and then with the tugs. It was taken up by the coasters and the factory whistles. Then the bigger ships anchored in Sea Reach tossed it to the giants in Tilbury Docks.

THE ROYAL YACHT MAKES HER STATELY PROGRESS TOWARDS THE CAPITAL : An aerial view of the *Britannia* before she reached Greenwich. She was escorted by four Fast Patrol Boats of the Gay class. The procession to Tower Pier was headed by the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*, while the P.L.A. barge moved in the wake of the Royal yacht. Crowds lining both banks of the Thames cheered the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh throughout the forty-nine-mile journey from the Great Nore to the Tower.

THE HOME FLEET AWAITS THE QUEEN NEAR PLYMOUTH HOE—AN IMPRESSION OF THE EARLY-MORNING SCENE SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.: Fishing vessels and pleasure boats and yachts mingle with vessels of the Home Fleet nine miles south-east of Plymouth Hoe at the rendezvous where the Fleet met the Royal yacht.

Jack Merriott has given this description of the scene:

At seven o'clock I boarded the tender which was about to sail out to the rendezvous where the Royal yacht would be met by the Home Fleet. We were soon under way and clear of the Sound, and overcoats and blankets were donned as we felt the chill of a fresh breeze. A mist hung over the distant horizon, in which one could detect the shadowy forms of numerous vessels. We soon passed the *Ceramic* on our port bow, and then it seemed boats of every description came from all directions. In a very short time the sea was dotted with a variety of craft, motor launches, sailing-boats, fishing-boats and drifters, pleasure launches, naval pinnaces, all making in one direction.

The throb of our tender ceased as we approached the rendezvous, and almost at once H.M.S. *Vanguard* appeared through the mist and a moment later the beautiful lines of the Royal yacht *Britannia* to starboard. Then came into view the following ships of the Home Fleet, steaming out of the morning mist to greet Her Majesty and welcome her home again to her waiting subjects. The distant sound of the Royal salute was heard as the grey ships speeded towards the approaching *Britannia*, their powerful, dignified lines contrasting with the pure elegance of the Royal yacht. One by one the units of the Home Fleet wheeled round to take up their escort positions, and the Royal procession steamed onwards into the mist.

Past Gravesend the *Britannia* began to meet the outward-bound traffic; and it was significant that every passing ship, British, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, German, South American, dipped their ensigns. The courtesy of the sea has not yet gone the way of most good manners ashore.

But the *Britannia* was taking a beautiful lady home, and the close schedule allowed no time for moralising: she steamed on up-river, past innumerable parties, afloat and ashore, all unashamedly wearing their hearts on their sleeves. At Greenhithe a bugle sounded and the training-ship *Worcester*, dressed overall, sprang to life as some 200 cadets manned ship and cheered their Royal Patron as she passed.

Industry now began to jostle aside the riverine marsh, and wharves and jetties appeared to be herbaceous borders of faces and hands, coloured flags and streamers and bunting. At Ford's Works the carburettor had been temporarily displaced by carnival—thousands of Dagenham schoolchildren embowered in coloured flags, and supported by a brass band.

All this time the Queen, the Duke and the Royal children had been waving from the sun deck abaft the funnel. Passing the entrance to the King George V Dock at North Woolwich, they must have seen at least the topmasts of the *Gothic*, for so long the floating home of the Royal ambassadors and now berthed in the heart of London Port ready to return to commerce.

And then suddenly, dramatically, the fly-past began. The most fantastic spectacles were devised in the long past to greet Royalty afloat in the tideway—"Gret redde dragons spowtynge fyre" and other extravaganzas—but neither Tudor nor Stuart could have vied with the impressive sight of a Queen being greeted by subjects riding a comparatively newly-conquered element.

As industry thickened along the banks the cheering became almost continuous, rolling in front of the yacht like a great bow wave of affection. The "cock-a-doodle-do" from whistles passed from craft to craft until one wondered if they would have enough steam left to heave up at the end of the pageant.

At Woolwich, beginning of the true industrial reaches of the Thames, all was colourful and tumultuous enthusiasm—decorations, cheers, waving handkerchiefs, hats and flags. It was perhaps fitting that the Arsenal crane, the biggest in the Port, had the biggest "welcome" sign. It was in this reach that the present was to some extent repeating the past, for in 1842 Queen Victoria, the Queen's great-great-grandmother, likewise accompanied by her Royal consort, landed at Woolwich from the General Steam Navigation Company's S.S. *Trident* on her return from Edinburgh.

At Charlton there was a loyal welcome from many wharves, among them Cory's barge yard. Behind the waving crowds, and hidden in the recesses of the yard, was the Queen's shallop or Royal barge, undergoing repair before its last journey to the National Maritime Museum. Had it been visible it would have provided a significant contrast between Royal water progresses to-day and some 260 years ago.

Greenwich was a special landmark on the journey home and the yacht stood close inshore. For the Queen, there was the ancient association between the Throne and the former Palace of Placentia, now supplanted by the Royal Naval College, where the first Elizabeth so often resided. For the Duke, there was the hole in the river-bank which will presently become a dry-dock housing the old *Cutty Sark*; and alongside stood the cheering Governors of the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Fund, of which he is the Patron. For Queen and Duke, there were the three precise cheers and threefold flash of white cap covers from the parade of naval officers and the less restrained greetings from thousands of spectators.

Sedate and dignified, the *Britannia* swept on. At the top of Limehouse Reach she began the last lap of her momentous voyage. Past dockers and clerks, lightermen and typists, managing directors and office boys, everything forgotten in the desire to acclaim their Sovereign, the yacht steamed towards the seeming benediction of the upraised arms of the best-known bridge in the world.

With naval absence of fuss the *Britannia* secured to her moorings at Battlebridge Tier in the shadow of London Bridge. The scene was a fitting climax to the great tide of welcome which had swept upstream with the vessel. Batteries of cranes along the South Bank bowed gracefully in unison. Thousands of loyal subjects around and afloat in the Pool abandoned restraint, and their cheers and the whistles beat against grim warehouse fronts and the grey stones of the Tower until the gulls wheeled off affrighted. The Queen was nearly home again.

As the *Britannia* moored, the Lord Mayor was rowed off in a barge manned by boys from the *Arethusa* to salute the Queen. No longer is he pageant master of the tideway; but there is now no need for him, as his predecessor once did, to order demonstrations of loyalty without fail "at youre perilles."

There was to be a break before the final journey up the Road of Kings to Westminster began. The P.L.A. launch *Nore*, temporarily suspending its allegiance to the Harbour Master, was metamorphosed into a Royal barge and ferried the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret from Tower Pier to the motionless yacht; and the crowds settled down to their picnic lunches.

Soon after 3 p.m. the Royal party transhipped; and the Royal Standard was struck in the *Britannia*. The *Patricia* was left in the Pool, and the procession now consisted of the *Nore*, again restored to Commander Coleman, the escorting vessels, a barge carrying the Queen's Suite, and the Royal barge, in which were the Queen, the Duke, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Royal children.

Saturday afternoon is normally dear to the Londoner for relaxation out of town; but Londoners now lined the river from the Pool to Westminster. Once again cheers and whistles signalled the passage of the Royal barge.

Past halls of some of London's famous livery companies, past the cheering civilian sailors of H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum* and *President*, past the *Wellington*, whose owners, the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, acclaimed not only their Queen but the new Master of the Merchant Navy.

And so the Queen came home to old Westminster, to be greeted by Lord Waverley, Chairman of the P.L.A., her Royal kinsfolk and dignitaries of Court and State.

From down river the reverberations of the Royal salute fired by the Tower guns signalled the safe return of the first Sovereign to circumnavigate the globe; they thundered the joy of a nation at the end of a noble mission. And that earlier Elizabeth and her great knights-errant of the sea, who began the story, must have looked down with smiling approval.

THE ROYAL YACHT ENDS ITS JOURNEY : The *Britannia*, with the Royal Family and the Prime Minister aboard, passes under Tower Bridge to tie up at the end of her journey.

From Tower Bridge Up-River

The Royal Barge Takes the Queen to Westminster

On left—

THE "BRITANNIA" MOORS BY LONDON'S ANCIENT FORTRESS : Almost as soon as the Royal yacht was secured to its buoys by the Tower, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went aboard to welcome the Queen back to her capital.

THE QUEEN GOES ABOARD THE ROYAL BARGE: The Duke of Edinburgh waits at the foot of the gangway as the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, with the Queen behind, leave the *Britannia* at Tower Bridge for the last part of the journey.

PASSING ST. PAUL'S: The Queen waves to cheering Londoners as the Royal barge, with the Royal Standard streaming from the bow, passes under the shadow of the Cathedral on its way to Westminster. A stiff breeze made the journey rather rough.

APPROACHING LONDON BRIDGE: Escorted by Fast Patrol Boats, the Royal barge approaches London Bridge, which has been decorated for the occasion. As the Queen went up-river, she was greeted with cheers from Londoners who had packed into boats and barges and filled every available space on the river bank. Practically every craft that had a siren blew it, the church bells rang out, and gun salutes were fired. It was a noisy, boisterous, but warm and heartfelt welcome from the Empire's metropolis.

HER MAJESTY STEPS ASHORE AT WESTMINSTER ON THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY: Following her ashore is Prince Charles, and he, in turn, is followed by P... Anne, accompanied by Princess Margaret; the Duke of Edinburgh stands by to assist them ashore. Among those present at the pier to greet the Quee... members of the Royal Family who had not travelled in the Royal barge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor of London, and m... of the Diplomatic Corps. As soon as the official greetings were over, the Queen inspected the guard of honour formed by the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier ...

THE QUEEN SETS FOOT IN ENGLAND

Scenes at Westminster Pier and the Tower of London

THE PRIME MINISTER COMES ASHORE: Sir Winston Churchill is greeted by Lord Waverley, chairman of the Port of London Authority, as he lands close to Tower Bridge. The Premier then left by road for Westminster for the official welcome to the Queen.

A PAUSE AT WESTMINSTER BEFORE THE STATE DRIVE: While the Duke of Edinburgh stands at the salute, the Queen pauses before going forward to inspect the guard. It was just about 3.25 p.m. as the Queen stepped ashore.

A TUMULTUOUS HOMECOMING FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: Dense crowds thronging Trafalgar Square as the open landau carrying the Queen, the Duke, and Prince Charles and Princess Anne turns from Whitehall into the Mall, on its way from Westminster Pier to Buckingham Palace. Despite the cold and windy conditions the Queen ordered the hood of the Royal landau to be lowered. The Queen and the Duke waved continuously as the people of London gave them a vociferous welcome.

LONDON'S WELCOME

The Royal Drive from Westminster Pier to Buckingham Palace

ALMOST HOME—THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OUTSIDE THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF NEARLY SIX MONTHS: The open landau with the Royal party, accompanied by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry, sweeping round the Victoria Memorial at the end of the drive from Westminster. In the Mall, seen in the distance, were special decorations recalling the Queen's great tour of the Commonwealth. There were also flowers in gay colours all along the route.

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HEADING HOMEWARDS—THE SPLENDID PROCESSION ALONG THE MALL : Attended by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne are in the first carriage. In the second carriage ride the Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Alice Egerton, with Lieut.-Colonel Sir Michael Adeane, Private Secretary to the Queen, and Lieut.-Colonel Martin Charteris, Assistant Private Secretary. In the next carriage are Commander Colville, Press Secretary to the Queen ; Lieut.-Commander Parker, Private Secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh ; Surgeon-Commander D.D. Steele-Perkins, and Captain Lord Althorp.

The DRIVE Along the MALL

THE QUEEN NEARS HOME—THE PROCESSION APPROACHES BUCKINGHAM PALACE

AFTER THE ROYAL PROCESSION HAD PASSED : The many thousands of onlookers who had stood and cheered the Queen on her way home to Buckingham Palace seen thronging the Mall, which is covered by the litter they have dropped. Despite the cold weather, many people had slept along the route the previous night to be sure of a place on the day, and many more had travelled up to London early that morning. As soon as the ceremony of entering the Palace was completed, the crowds swept along the Mall to the Palace to await the traditional Royal appearance on the balcony. Ten minutes after the Queen had entered the Palace, the waiting thousands were rewarded with the Royal appearance.

CROWDS in the MALL

THOUSANDS OF SIGHTSEERS THRONG THE STATELY THOROUGHFARE AFTER THE PROCESSION HAD PASSED

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THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE PALACE FROM THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their children, wave back to the cheering, welcoming crowd outside the gates. Delighted to see her again, the crowd called the Queen back several times.

THE QUEEN'S FAMILY ACKNOWLEDGE THE GREETINGS OF THE CHEERING MASS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE : They appeared on the Palace Balcony in response to the cry of the crowd, "We Want the Queen!" It was the terminating point of the Royal Tour, marking the close of a triumphant progress across the world to the far corners of the British Commonwealth. For Prince Charles and Princess Anne the occasion marked the end of their first sea voyage and visit abroad.

OUT ON THE BALCONY

The Royal Family Wave to the Thousands Assembled Outside the Palace

On left—
THE QUEEN MOTHER JOINS HER DAUGHTER AND HER FAMILY : Later, Princess Margaret came out and for a while Prince Charles disappeared from view, much to the anxiety of his sister.

On right—
HOME AT LAST : in the courtyard of the Palace the Queen, the Duke and their children leave the carriage which brought them from Westminster on the last part of their journey.

A FINAL WAVE TO THE CHEERING CROWDS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS THE MEMORABLE DAY OF THE ROYAL RETURN DREW TO ITS CLOSE : Soon after dusk fell, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went out on to the balcony and were acclaimed for several minutes ; nearly an hour-and-a-half later they made another appearance and then the lights of the Palace were switched off. One of the Queen's last public duties of the day was to send a message to the chairman of the L.C.C. in reply to a telegram of greeting ; she said, "I send my sincere thanks to the people of London County for the kind and warm-hearted message in which they have welcomed me and my husband on our return. Please convey my appreciation to them all."

NIGHT FALLS ON A REJOICING LONDON

Gay Scenes at the Close of Day

Above—**WHAT THE QUEEN SAW FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE : As night fell, crowds jammed the length of the Mall. The Royal Family made their fourth and last appearance at 10.48. Soon afterwards, the great day over, the crowds dispersed.**

Below—**MISSION COMPLETED : On the night of the Queen's return the *Britannia*, floodlit, lies at her moorings. The Standards have been struck and all that flies now from her mast is the flag of Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith.**

ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"

The First Pictures of the Royal Apartments, as Seen in London on the Day After the Queen's Arrival

THE SHIP'S BELL AND BINNACLE: The handsome bell of the Royal yacht was presented by the Corporation of Trinity House. The compass binnacle, which is dated 1817, came from the old *Royal George*, King George III's vessel.

THE ELEGANT COMFORT OF THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM: One of the first pictures of the interior of the Royal yacht, which were taken the day after the Queen's return to London. The drawing-room is situated on the upper deck, aft. Leading from it, separated by sliding screens, is the anteroom. The Royal apartments are air-conditioned.

As the Royal yacht *Britannia* lay in the Pool of London, after bringing the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh home from Tobruk, the Press was allowed to inspect her interior for the first time. The construction of the yacht had been postponed because of the war, and was resumed, with some urgency, in 1951, when it was hoped that King George VI might benefit from a sea voyage on it. Both the Queen and the Duke have taken great personal interest in the fitting-out of the yacht, and in the design and furnishing of the Royal and State apartments. They personally approved the colouring and design of the furniture, and themselves chose the soft furnishings. One of the features of the yacht is that it can be easily converted into a hospital ship, accommodating about 200 patients, as well as doctors, nurses and crew. This utility does not, however, detract from the handsomeness of the yacht, both inside and externally.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SITTING-ROOM: A small but comfortable study, which is also on the upper deck, aft. In the background is a model of H.M.S. *Magpie*, the ship formerly commanded by the Duke in the Mediterranean.

THE DINING-ROOM ON THE "BRITANNIA": This is one of the largest rooms among the Royal apartments on the yacht. In the interests of economy much of the furniture on the *Britannia* has come from the former Royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*.

A WONDERFUL PLACE FOR RELAXATION: The air-conditioned sun lounge, or verandah, on the top deck of the yacht. The *Britannia* can be easily converted into a hospital ship. In this event the verandah and the bedrooms would become wards.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM: This forms part of the Queen's private apartments, which are situated on the top deck of the Royal yacht. Some of the more modern furniture on the *Britannia* has come from the liner *Gothic*.

FIJIAN GIRLS DANCE, AND SING ISLAND BALLADS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ADI CAKOBAU SCHOOL SET AMID A FOLD OF THE HILLS A SHORT DISTANCE FROM SUVA: During the performance the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were taking tea in the little hut above the lawn. Later, the Royal visitors inspected the girls' living quarters. At Albert Park, Suva, the Queen and her husband received a great welcome from the Fijian chiefs who, in traditional fashion, presented Her Majesty with whales' teeth, the ceremonial symbols of Fiji. All the ancient rites of welcome, which have come down the centuries, were enacted at Albert Park.

FIJI and TONGA

THE FIRST OF FOUR COLOUR PAGES, SHOWING THE ROYAL PROGRESS ACROSS THE PACIFIC: THE VISITS TO THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

ACROSS TO LAUTOKA, ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE ISLAND OF VITI LEVU, FIJI: The Queen and other members of the Royal party entering the Governor's bure, a country lodge built in the native manner with a thatched roof, in the hills above the town. The approaches to the cottages and the streets, through which the Queen later drove, were adorned with flowers. Lautoka is situated in the region of the sugar plantations and the predominantly Indian population gave the Royal couple a warm welcome. The Fijians staged a sports meeting in honour of the Royal visit and athletes from all parts of the islands attended the gathering.

ONE OF THE MANY VIGOROUS DANCES PERFORMED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THEIR STAY IN TONGA: Known as the Tongan Paddle Dance (Me 'etu 'upaki), it formed part of the programme of hula dances performed at a party given at the British Residency by the Resident Minister, Mr. J. E. Windrum. Queen Salote, who had welcomed the Queen and the Duke to Tonga, accompanied the Royal visitors to the party. One of the outstanding events during the visit to Tonga was the great feast when Queen Elizabeth and Queen Salote sat side by side on cushions.

THE CLIMAX OF THE ROYAL TOUR FOR THE MAORIS OF NORTH ISLAND: A general view of the dais and Royal Compound at Arawa Park, Rotorua, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were welcomed by about 10,000 Maoris. As Her Majesty arrived at the reception she was challenged by tribesmen with brandished spears, and then conducted to the Maori Bishop of New Zealand, who invested both her and her husband with ceremonial cloaks of finely woven flax with intricate black embroidery. Later, the Royal couple witnessed ceremonial war dances. When she spoke to the assembly the Queen encouraged the Maoris to hold fast to their own language and culture, and their arts and crafts, and she hoped they would always cherish the traditions which had been handed down from their forefathers.

IN THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND

WITH THE MAORIS AT ROTORUA; THE CALL AT PATEA, AND EARLY DAYS AT AUCKLAND

A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN AT PATEA: Young Pamela Maule makes her presentation shortly after the Queen's arrival in the town. The visit to Patea was made during the two-day train journey across North Island from Hastings, via Palmerston North, to New Plymouth.

A CHRISTMASTIDE SERVICE IN THE SUN: The Queen and the Duke seen walking in procession with the Bishop of Auckland, the Right Rev. W. J. Simkin, and other clergy of the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Parnell, Auckland. The occasion was one of the two visits they made to the wooden-built Cathedral at Christmas.

THE QUEEN'S COMMONWEALTH JOURNEY

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE MEMORABLE ROYAL TOUR IN WHICH HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRAVELLED RIGHT ROUND THE WORLD

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAVING GOOD-BYE FROM THE STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" AT LONDON AIRPORT ON NOVEMBER 23, 1953, AS THEY LEFT FOR BERMUDA ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR COMMONWEALTH TOUR: The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family, together with the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, were present at the airport for the farewell ceremony. There were also other members of the Government and representatives of the Commonwealth to wish the Royal travellers *bon voyage!* for their 50,000-mile tour of the Commonwealth. It was the first occasion upon which a British Sovereign had decided to travel completely round the world, and, with the exception of Panama and Libya, calling only at countries owing allegiance to the Crown. From London Airport *Canopus* flew to Newfoundland, and from there on into the sunshine at Bermuda for the Queen's short stay and the first official engagements in a long itinerary. In the following pages are illustrated some of the outstanding and picturesque ceremonies of the past six months when the peoples in the far corners of the British Commonwealth welcomed the Queen with fervour and affection.

THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS SET OUT

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THE MONARCHY AND THE PEOPLES

THOUGHTS AND COMMENTS ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SOVEREIGN AND HER PEOPLES AT THE TIME OF THE RETURN HOME FROM THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR

By JOHN GORE

THE QUEEN SPEAKS HER CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLES OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH : This picture was taken last year at Wellington, New Zealand, the first occasion on which the Sovereign had broadcast the Christmas speech from a Commonwealth country.

SOME weeks ago I read and filed for further consideration a column by William Salter in the *New Statesman*, a journal with whose views I sometimes find myself out of sympathy, but not always. Mr. Salter was commenting on the Royal tour as covered in B.B.C. programmes and T.V., and he concluded that the B.B.C. was at any rate handling Royalty with dignity. There was no attempt to exploit sycophancy or curiosity : " the former servants of Princesses and Dukes do not slop their reminiscences over . . ."

It was well said and fairly said, and I thought he developed this theme with equal justice, and gave room in his argument for wider examination of the relations of the Sovereign with the peoples. The B.B.C., he went on, does not have to exploit Royalty, because it has, in a sense, done the job already. When all other factors have been allowed for, it is the B.B.C. conspicuously that has created the specifically modern attitude to the Monarchy in England, *that attitude of respectful adulation which turns the Sovereign into a sort of domesticated film-star* and renders criticism of Royalty unthinkable because NOT DONE. Imagine, if you can, a present-day equivalent to Max Beerbohm's cartoons of Edward VII ! Or, for that matter, to a Max B. article like " Arise, Sir . . ." or " Some Words on Royalty." But you *can't* imagine it. It would be sacrilege.

It is not too wide of the mark to suggest that the B.B.C. did indeed play a large part in *organising* us deliberately to shape our relations to the Sovereign as to-day they stand, and that it was in the early part of Lord Reith's reign at the B.B.C. that the seed was sown : a word or two in a general way to King George V on the possibilities of the new means of communication, uplift and recreation. Passed on by the King to Bigge ; sent for vetting to his old friend, Archbishop Lang. A generally favourable answer returned from Lambeth to Buckingham Palace, and a shy, reluctant and most conservative Sovereign found himself almost committed to spoiling his Sandringham Christmas afternoon doze with a dreaded five minutes before a ten-million-eared box of tricks in a cold and ugly little office room. If the Archbishop supplied the script, the possibilities were not to be disregarded. And at Christmas 1932 the work began.

Certainly " other factors " must be allowed for, and some of them go further back in history and must be considered. One quite unforeseen factor was that King George V—who once before had doubtfully experimented with the magic box—proved from the start a born, inspired, fireside-broadcaster, with all the technique at his finger-ends without any coaching. So much so that, though he always dreaded the Christmas zero hour, he soon came to enjoy the star performer's consciousness of success, and in the broadcast scripts there came to be more of the King and less of the Archbishop in the choice of words. But, of course, one of the most important factors in producing our present at most religious (when not hysterical) veneration for the Monarchy has been the personal characters of recent Sovereigns and their Queens. Of the four Georges, to go no further back, only one was reasonably popular or respected ; and, oddly enough, we were nearer to Republicanism in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign than at any time since the Hanoverian succession.

It is only eighty years ago that this Monarchy of ours was rocking on its foundations, and though Queen Victoria died a legend and enshrined in the hearts of our people, it was only fifty years ago—a short time in the history of England—that the last echoes of disrespect and criticism died away. We have already referred to the freedom with which the lampooners of the first decade of this century treated what is now an altar, a creed, for many the liveliest article of their religious faith. King Edward proved a wise and admirable Sovereign in the era in which he reigned, but no historian would look further back than George V to find among our Sovereigns the *fons et origo*, the only-begetter, of the relations between Sovereign and peoples which exist to-day.

That is not to say the *architect* of Constitutional Monarchy as practised in England to-day. That architect-pioneer was, no doubt, his grandfather, the Prince Consort. King George's (and Queen Mary's) achievement was a building in the hearts of the people, a reshaping of the subjects' conception of the Monarchy in its relation to the Commonwealth ; a conception of a King as the father of his people almost in the family sense of parenthood—a conception not very different from that of an idealised eighteenth-century squire, living on his own acres among his own people, caring for them in sickness and old age, sharing in their sports, their joys and sorrows, knowing their children by name, himself visible to them in the manor-house, fields and woods, and readily accessible. Naturally, the magic box of the B.B.C. was a mighty factor in making this conception more and more a practical reality ; but, without the goodwill of the " Squire " and his constant attention to *noblesse oblige*, the reality would

soon fade. Left to the B.B.C. and to the Jupiters of journalism, even this "father-of-his-people" image of a British Sovereign might fade and the religious image alone remain. Left to the Sovereign alone, the former image might predominate.

Edward VII very fairly and frankly summed up his notion of his duty and function as King. "*Mon métier à moi*," he said, "*c'est d'être roi.*" And he did it very well. But the father-of-his-people, the Roger de Coverley, was not in his brief. That was for his son, off his own bat, in social revolutions, in times of trouble, in simplicity of mind and living. And that pattern has been handed on and ingrained in his successors. But social revolutions following wars are swift and upsetting convulsions. They may achieve the "progress" of a century of evolution in a dozen years, and they seldom suffer the sober, majestic organisations of a nation to call the tune.

The images of a deity, of a father-of-his-people, were all very well for Sundays and Saints' days, but a nation of film fans needed something more glamorous and exciting. And the Popular Press, encouraged by the enormous interest evoked even in America by our extraordinary new patent for national unity, readily supplied it, and willingly financed any gossip-writers, Royal servants or courtiers willing to profit by things they could tell or sell or invent. And so a third image was set up beside the deity and the father-squire. The film-star image. Naturally enough, while the Sovereign was a man and a simple, "ordinary" man, rather bored by ceremonial and much happier flighting duck, the "Squire" image would predominate *vis-à-vis* Kings George V and VI. In their reigns the impulse to pursue the "film-star" image would, and did, find its outlet in limelighting the younger members of the Royal family.

Any marriageable young Princess would be fair game for the columnist, and every youth in whose company she was seen would be canvassed by the gossip-writers as a probable marriage choice. All that (and more) the Sovereign and his family must endure with good humour. And in the past decades I have sometimes wondered (and expressed my wonder) whether the Sovereign, pursuing his high functions with never-relaxing goodwill and sense of duty, has ever ruefully complained (to himself) that the new "contract" between Sovereign and peoples is just a little one-sided. *He* must go to church every Sunday in the year. *They* can get away with very occasional conformity or even the Cratfield Sunday peep-show. *His* family life must give no shadow of reproach. *They* may lose no caste by an easy divorce or two, or an appearance in the dock. It does sometimes seem just a little one-sided as a contract, especially seen through the eyes of a King who may not much care for all the manifestations of worship which are his share of the terms.

It need not be said that when the Sovereign is a young and lovely Queen, it is the third image which the general public will raise highest. There is not a "première," a parade, a bazaar or a beanfeast but the Queen must grace it, open it, inspect it. In return, she is assured of all the worship which film-stars receive, and all the publicity which film-stars need. And because film-stars need it and value it, it is commonly accepted that no person offered it would refuse it or could have too much of it. Not even a Queen.

It often strikes me as curious how little the public comprehends or appreciates the Constitutional functions and importance of the Sovereign. Under our Constitution, albeit the Sovereign "reigns but does not govern," the Sovereign is still to-day the pendulum of the Clock of State, and if the pendulum ceases to swing, the works stop. Every act of legislation and administration is done in the Sovereign's name and requires the Sovereign's authority. But of the Constitutional function, the general public knows nothing and cares less. The ceremonial function is *all*, and into it are loosely thrown many of the more decorative constitutional functions, such as the activities of the Fountain of Honour.

It is true that the Sovereign's constitutional functions are very much easier (apart from sheer, hard, routine slogging) to carry out with a right judgment in all things than to-day, in a democracy, are her more decorative functions of ceremonial. A British Constitutional Monarch (new style) still has two loyalties to serve—one may be democratic, the other is distinctly Tory. Loyalty to past tradition is not less important in a Sovereign than it was, if the splendour of our Court ceremonial—in which the peoples delight—is to be maintained, at any rate in a half-baked democracy like Britain. In a sense, the Court is, and perhaps must be, distinctly conservative. Last year's glorious memories of the Coronation illustrate the premise. The entire nation enjoyed it, thrilled over it, took national pride in it. Despite mild criticism before the event that the hereditary "Chief Butlers" had too large a share in preparing the pageant and that "mill-girls" and "worthy middle-class housewives" should have superseded the golden lasses and Duchesses who stood round the golden Throne, the hereditary nobility achieved the traditional and romantic note which gave such pleasure to millions in the streets.

Thus one perceives the dilemma of the two loyalties. There are times for pure democracy and occasions for outworn Toryism. And not only times, but regions and realms. The Royal tour has revealed that ceremonial dignity and precision *can* be achieved without the experience of hereditary Chief Butlers and that "down-under" the Queen can be as down-right Royal a Queen without a buffer state of hereditary nobility. In fact, it is only in Britain that this loyalty to an outworn order is still deemed essential. Which leads one to wonder why, if our now-boasted and classless society is anything more than moonshine, a picked British aristocracy should still retain social privileges and largely supply the suitable company for State ceremonial occasions.

I am not one of those who believe that Royalties are a race apart—at any rate, by nature, though we may do our worst to make them so. I have felt no doubt that a hundred of our "Great Lady" grandmothers, had they been called to the work, could, with Queen Victoria's training and experience, have done her job every bit as well, with all her dignity and kingcraft, and perhaps with less repining and prejudice. And in modern times we have startling proof that neither pre-education nor birth in the purple are essential to the making of great Kings and great Queen Consorts. The gifts essential to a great Sovereign are certainly rare; experience comes with the years, and enhances those qualities. There must be a sense of duty that rises to self-dedication, a matchless dignity which comes from pride and faith in the importance of the Monarchy and the sacred trust of the Crown, a self-discipline which can bring even to the highly-strung a serenity of mind and a sense of proportion which the dizzy position demands.

Queen Elizabeth II combines in her nature and in her training all the advantages that can make a Sovereign great. Self-dedicated to the great trust, by nature too unselfish to be spoiled, bred up and educated from childhood in the great tradition created by her grandparents and constantly maintained by her parents, she was better equipped at the start of her reign than any of her predecessors. And to help her to a right judgment in all things, the Duke of Edinburgh, whose education was entirely democratic, is at hand to assist in the difficult problem of defining at any one time the appropriate meaning of the *métier d'être reine*. It remains only to say how very little coaching or practice she appears to need. She has not been long on the Throne, but she has dealt with the varied aspects of her Royal functions with a remarkable assurance and unquestioned right judgment. Her "well-wishers," theorists and stunt merchants, may offer hints of how the job should be done, but there is little evidence that she conforms to the images set up. She has a model of her own which appears to serve every occasion, formal or informal, tremendous or trivial.

She appears to derive as much pleasure and interest from her varied duties as she bestows, and her queenly dignity is as natural to her as breathing and needs no adjustment to the occasion. She goes serenely on her way, little handicapped and still less influenced by the oceans of ink spilt on Civilisation's perpetual No. 1 news item. She knows how to be Queen in each of her Dominions, and it may be, that we in Britain may usefully learn something from the Commonwealth peoples overseas of how our side of the "contract" should be carried out.

Our recent Sovereigns have certainly been Royalties, but, more than that, they have been men and women of the noblest sort, and I doubt whether in our history any Sovereign has ascended the Throne better equipped with the essential qualities of nature and training already firmly implanted. As the Queen truly told Australia, the Crown is a *human* link.

***On left*—THE TAKE-OFF FROM LONDON: The scene at London Airport as the Queen and Duke waved from their aeroplane.**

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

WESTWARDS TO BERMUDA AND JAMAICA

The First Official Engagements before Boarding the Liner "Gothic"

On right—

JAMAICAN FOLK SONGS FOR THE QUEEN : A native band is seen playing familiar Jamaican tunes below the balcony at King's House, Kingston, during the great reception attended by 3,000 citizens. When the Queen and the Duke appeared on the first-floor balcony they were acclaimed by the guests assembled in the floodlit grounds, and it was then that the band struck up with " Good evening Mistress Flanagan. How are you this evening ? " The climax of the evening was the Beating the Retreat, by the ceremonial guard, drums and band of the Royal Marines from the cruiser *Sheffield*.

Below—

FROM ENGLAND'S WINTER TO BERMUDA'S SPRING SUNSHINE : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are greeted beneath a mammoth welcoming arch in the streets of Hamilton. Apart from the brief call at Gander, Newfoundland, Bermuda was the first country to greet the Royal travellers, the arrival at Kindley Field being made within seventeen hours of the departure from London. Only one day could be spent in Bermuda and the greatest moments were the drive through Hamilton ; the visit to the House of Assembly and the garden party at Government House.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, FAN IN HAND, IS GREETED BY THE MINISTER ON ARRIVAL AT THE WESLEYAN CHURCH AT NUKUALOFA: Following Her Majesty from the car is Queen Salote, who has reigned in Tonga since the death of her father, George II, in 1918. The church, with a seating capacity for about 3,000 people, was packed, and many others crowded on to the open verandas to listen to the service. As it was just before Christmas, carols were included in the service, and the congregation, and all those assembled outside, joined in a robust rendering of "O Come All Ye Faithful." The lesson was read by the Duke of Edinburgh. The journey from Fiji to Tonga was made in a flying-boat of Tasman Airways, and the Royal visitors were welcomed on arrival at Nukualofa by Queen Salote and members of her family (another picture showing Queen Elizabeth receiving a basket of flowers from Queen Salote's granddaughter, Mele Siuilikutapu, is reproduced on page 349 of this issue).

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

IN THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Queen Elizabeth and Queen Salote Meet at Tonga

THE QUEEN, A RADIANT FIGURE IN EVENING DRESS, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE FOR THE CIVIC DINNER AT THE STORE OF J. BEATH AND COMPANY AT CHRISTCHURCH, IN NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTH ISLAND: This was one of the highlights during the stay in the "most English city outside England." The Royal tour of New Zealand began at Auckland just before Christmas, 1953, and after paying a series of visits in Northland, the Queen and the Duke began their journey down to Bluff, in South Island. Calls were made at most of the principal cities and towns en route, and wherever possible the "whistle-stops" during the train journeys were made at the points where most local people could congregate. From Auckland the Royal couple travelled south through some of the country's best dairying lands, and then flew eastwards before joining the Royal train for the cross-country trip to New Plymouth. Wellington, the capital, was the next stopping-place and it was there that the Queen opened Parliament. Down, then, to South Island, and across the Southern Alps to Christchurch. The route then lay along the east coast to be southernmost province which still retains a strong Scottish atmosphere.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY IN NEW ZEALAND

Formal Occasions and Whistle-Stop Visits During the 5½ weeks in the Two Islands

A WAYSIDE HALT IN WELLINGTON PROVINCE: The Queen is seen standing on the observation platform of the Royal train at Cross Creek as it prepared to resume its journey to Masterton, another splendid farming district. Cross Creek is a small engine-changing centre and most of the inhabitants work on the railway. The Queen made many calls at small towns and villages during her train journeys, and on each occasion almost the entire local population gathered at the station for the visit.

WELCOME TO WELLINGTON, CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND: The Royal car is seen passing along crowded Wallis Street during a ceremonial drive. In the city, in addition to opening Parliament, the Queen held an Investiture; attended receptions and journeyed out to Trentham Racecourse for the Wellington Royal Cup meeting. She also laid the foundation-stone of Wellington's new Cathedral. This will eventually form part of the base of one of the two towers of the new Cathedral, which is being built to replace the present wooden structure. Outstanding among the Royal engagements in New Zealand were the visits to the Maoris in their own quarters.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

WELLINGTON'S OUTSTANDING CEREMONY

Queen Elizabeth II Becomes the First Sovereign to Open the New Zealand Parliament

NEW ZEALAND'S MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE ROYAL TOUR : The Queen, resplendent in her Coronation gown and with the Duke of Edinburgh at her side, seen seated on her Throne in the old Chamber of the Upper House when she opened the fourth session of the country's thirtieth Parliament. The Throne, of cream and gold, upholstered in red damask, bore the Royal cypher and the fern, the emblem of New Zealand. The Duke's chair was placed slightly back, on the Queen's left. It was the first time in the history of the country that the reigning Sovereign had opened Parliament, and it was a happy coincidence that the occasion fell a few weeks before the centenary of the first Parliament in New Zealand. As the Royal party entered the Council Chamber Black Rod announced "Her Majesty the Queen," trumpeters sounded a fanfare and the Queen walked to her Throne. When all were seated the Queen began her speech by saying that she was conscious of the community spirit which existed among the Parliaments of the Commonwealth and welcomed the ease with which it was possible to travel from one part of the Commonwealth to another. It was estimated that a crowd of about 10,000 people witnessed the Royal arrival at the Parliament buildings.

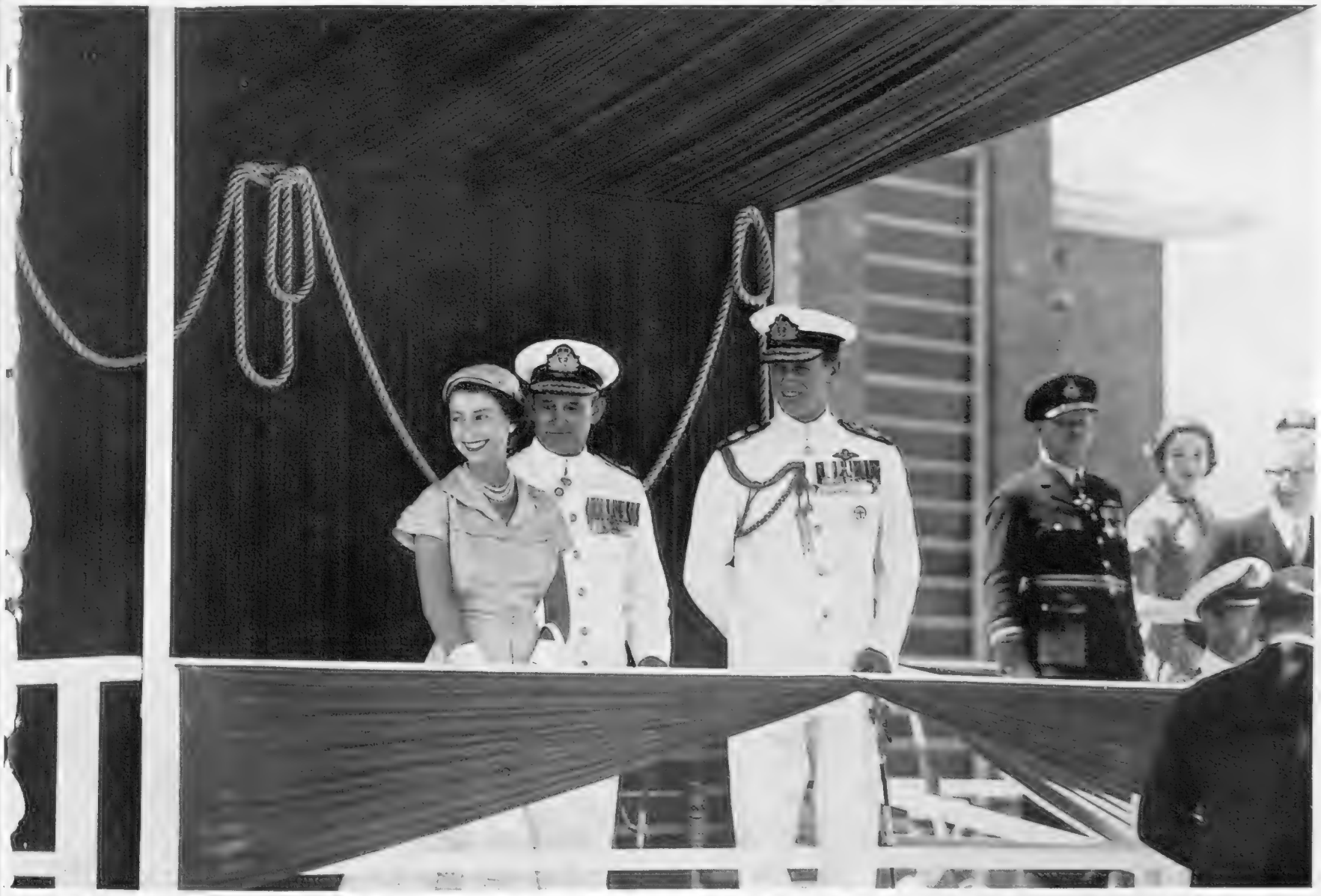
THE QUEEN ARRIVES IN AUSTRALIA—THE GREETING BY THE COMMONWEALTH'S HIGHEST DIGNITARIES AT FARM COVE, SYDNEY, ON FEBRUARY 3: In this picture the Queen is seen talking to Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Prime Minister, while the Duke of Edinburgh, the Governor-General and the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, look on. The Premier of N.S.W., Mr. J. J. Cahill, is awaiting his introduction. As soon as the *Gothic* passed through the Heads of Sydney Harbour hundreds of small craft took up the unofficial duty of escorting the liner to Athol Bight. From then on the Royal barge in which the Queen and Duke had embarked, passed along a narrow lane formed by anchored yachts. After a few crowded days in Sydney the Royal visitors set out on their travels to various points in the State of New South Wales, and then went south to the Federal capital of Canberra, where the Queen wore her Coronation gown for the opening of the Federal Parliament. The Queen and her husband then returned to Sydney and rejoined the liner *Gothic* for the voyage to Tasmania. Back, then, to the mainland and the Royal progress through Victoria and the flight to Queensland, where a visit was made to the Great Barrier Reef. Southwards again to South Australia, and then the long flight across the desert to Perth and Fremantle.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

AUSTRALIA'S WELCOME

The Queen and the Duke Spend Two Months in the Vast Country, Travelling Between 14,000 and 15,000 miles by Aeroplane, Train, Car and Ship

OKING DOWN INTO THE SPECTACULAR JAMIESON VALLEY, 1,450 FT. BELOW, IN NEW SOUTH WALES: The Queen, the Duke and other members of the Royal party are seen at Echo Point, one of the Blue Mountain's most famous scenic spots at Katoomba, 68 miles west of Sydney. The mountains derive their name from the blue haze that always enshrouds them, and the chief natural features are named after the explorers who first crossed the mountains and opened up the fertile lands beyond.



A VISIT TO THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY: The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Flag Officer-in-Charge of the Eastern Area, Admiral H. A. Showers, seen watching a march-past of 600 ratings of the Royal Australian Navy at H.M.A.S. *Penguin*, one of the Navy's shore establishments, overlooking the blue expanse of Sydney Harbour. The Duke, who wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, met several old shipmates there who had served with him in the British Navy during the Second World War. Later, during the tour of Victoria, the Duke met other naval personnel when he visited Flinders Naval Depot to present the Queen's Colours.

WATCHED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE QUEEN RECORDS THE SCENE AS THE "GOTHIC" SAILS UP THE DERWENT RIVER TO HOBART, CAPITAL OF TASMANIA: Outstanding occasions of the few days spent in Tasmania were the opening of the State Parliament; the reception given by the Government, and the Citizens' Ball at Hobart's City Hall. In addition, there were long drives through the island and many civic welcomes and receptions. Hobart was ablaze with flowers, decorations and bunting, and the city was crowded with country people eager to catch a glimpse of the Queen. The visit coincided with the 150th anniversary of the landing of Colonel David Flinders.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

IN TASMANIA AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA

DRIVING THROUGH THE BEFLAGGED STREETS OF MT. GAMBIER, IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA: This visit was made during the tour of Victoria, when the Queen and the Duke travelled to the far west of the State. Mount Gambier, situated just inside the South Australian border midway along the coastal highway from Melbourne to Adelaide, is the centre of a prosperous farming district.

SEA SCOUTS SALUTE AS THE QUEEN ENTERS HOBART'S CITY HALL FOR THE CIVIC BALL: The Lord Mayor was host for this occasion, and the ball marked the end of the official engagements in the city. The City Hall was also the scene of other ceremonies.

THE SCENE IN BONYTHON HALL, ADELAIDE, WHEN THE QUEEN MET REPRESENTATIVES OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED WOMEN'S SOCIETIES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Altogether about 1,100 women attended the ceremony, which included a programme of folk songs. Bonython Hall, which forms part of Adelaide University, is a modern building, with crenellated turrets. It was during this engagement that two children handed envelopes containing 3d. pieces to the Queen as gifts for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Later, their mother explained that she had done a similar thing for the Queen (when Princess Elizabeth) during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1927.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

CONTRASTS IN CEREMONIAL

An Informal Occasion at Melbourne, and the Farewell Ceremony at Fremantle

On right—

THE QUEEN MEETS AUSTRALIAN MEMBERS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL IN MELBOURNE, VICTORIA : She is seen engaged in conversation with a group of Australian dignitaries including Mr. R. G. Menzies, Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, and Dr. Evatt, the Leader of the Federal Opposition. At the meeting at Government House Mr. E. J. Holloway, a former Federal Minister of Labour and National Insurance, was sworn-in as a Privy Councillor. In Victoria, like all the other Australian States they visited, the Queen and the Duke saw a full cross-section of life. After a stay in Melbourne they made three big tours of the State, visiting the brown coal workings at Yallourn and electricity plant at Morwell ; and travelling to the old "gold-rush" towns of Bendigo and Ballarat.

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA—THE SCENE AT FREMANTLE AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SAID GOOD-BYE TO MANY OF THE OFFICIALS WHO HAD CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF THE TOUR : The Governor-General and Lady Slim are seen standing just behind the Royal visitors ; on the extreme left is part of the gangway to the *Gothic*. The last scenes on the wharf were enacted with quiet informality and owing to the poliomyelitis epidemic, the "no handshake" rule was observed by all those present. As the *Gothic* sailed away into the setting sun of an autumn afternoon, the Queen broadcast her farewell message saying that both she and her husband had spent a happy time in the country. Later, it was reported that there were proposals in Australia for a permanent Royal residence outside Canberra.

THE QUEEN IS GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR JOHN KOTALAWALA, AS SHE ARRIVES AT THE INDEPENDENCE HALL TO OPEN CEYLON'S SECOND PARLIAMENT: Despite the intense heat, the Queen was dressed in her Coronation gown. The ceremony of the opening of Parliament was practically an outdoor event, for the Independence Memorial Hall is open on three sides, the roof being supported by white pillars. Inside, where the decorations were of white, gold, blue and red, the ceremony was watched by many invited guests, while outside stood thousands of others who had gathered to watch the impressive procession reach the hall. It was estimated that more than 1,000,000 people moved into Colombo from the outlying districts to witness the Royal arrival in Ceylon, and the Queen and the Duke were warmly received as they drove through the city during their engagements. The heat was oppressive in the city, so a garden-party arranged for the first day took place in the evening. From Colombo the Queen and the Duke went on to Kandy, the ancient hill fortress of the Sinhalese kings, and after meeting the Kandyan chiefs, visited the Buddhist Temple of the Sacred Tooth.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

CEYLON'S DAYS OF PAGEANTRY

During Their Eleven-day Stay the Queen and the Duke Took Part in Ceremonies in Both Colombo and Kandy

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE REVIEW THE TROOPS AT THE GREAT MILITARY DISPLAY AND MARCH-PAST AT THE CRESCENT GARDENS, ADEN: They are seen in their Land-Rover as they passed men of the Royal Air Force, troops of the Aden Protectorate Levies and representative detachments of all the Armed Forces in the Colony, the Protectorate and British Somaliland. An Investiture was also held during the display and the Queen received loyal addresses. Later in the day visits were made to the R.A.F. hospital and the petroleum refinery at Little Aden. In the evening a garden party was given by the Governor.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

IN ADEN AND UGANDA

Two Stops on the Long Journey to Tobruk; Reviewing Aden's Troops and a Meeting with Uganda's Clergy

Below—

EUROPEAN AND AFRICAN CLERGY MEET THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT JINJA, UGANDA: The occasion was the opening of the Owen Falls Dam, when the Queen set in motion the hydro-electric scheme which will provide power for Uganda and help irrigate the Lower Nile. Also during the three-day visit to Uganda the Queen and the Duke received an address of welcome from Mr. Kavuma, the Senior Regent and Prime Minister of Buganda; presented Colours to the 4th (Uganda) Bn. King's African Rifles and toured the Queen Elizabeth National Park.

A GREAT DAY IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA : This was the scene at Farm Cove, Sydney, as the Royal barge, from the liner *Gothic*, came alongside the pontoon on which the leaders of Australia were waiting to greet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the start of their two months' tour of the country. In the background are seen some of the decorated yachts and small craft which stretched in a narrow lane right out to the *Gothic*. The city's greeting to the Royal couple was said to have been the greatest ever known in Australia, over a million people witnessing the arrival and the drive to Government House.

SYDNEY'S GREAT WELCOME

AND THE VISIT TO THE CAPITAL

On left—

A GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE : This event during the stay in the New South Wales capital took place after the visits to Randwick racecourse and Bondi Beach. At the theatre the Queen and the Duke saw a ballet adapted from aboriginal dances.

On right—

THE ARRIVAL IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL CITY OF CANBERRA : The Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, and the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, seen greeting the Queen and the Duke. It was at Canberra that the Queen told the Members of the Senate and Representatives that they were present in Parliament as her colleagues, friends and advisers. The opening of Parliament was a majestic scene, the Queen wearing her Coronation gown for the occasion.

THE FIRST REIGNING SOVEREIGN TO OPEN A SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN AUSTRALIA: Her Majesty is seen enthroned in the Chamber of the Legislative Council in Sydney when she opened the third session of the thirty-seventh Parliament of New South Wales. It was the first big occasion of the Royal Tour of Australia and the Queen received a great ovation as she drove in State from Government House to Parliament Buildings for the ceremony. The N.S.W. Parliament has given responsible government to the oldest of the Australian States since 1856. In her speech the Queen commented on the cordial and spontaneous welcome accorded to both herself and her husband on their arrival in Australia, and said: "I desire to express my appreciation to you, and through you, as their representatives, to all the people of this great State." Later, the Queen presided over a meeting of the New South Wales Executive Council.

THE "GOTHIC" STEAMS UP THE BROAD BLUE ESTUARY OF THE DERWENT RIVER TO HOBART, THE CAPITAL OF TASMANIA: As at Sydney, the liner was accompanied to her anchorage by a host of yachts and small craft. Great crowds also congregated along the river banks and around the official landing stage. Hobart is one of the most picturesque of Australia's cities and has one of the finest natural harbours in the world. Mount Wellington, the dominating feature of the city and the harbour, is seen in the background of this picture.

FROM SYDNEY TO HOBART

PARLIAMENTARY CEREMONIAL IN SYDNEY; NATURAL SPLENDOURS OF DERWENT RIVER

THE GREAT DISPLAY BY OVER 1,500 SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN ON THE FLORIANA PARADE-GROUND AT VALLETTA, DURING THE FIVE-DAY STAY AT MALTA : A general view overlooking the city and parade-ground and showing the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in an open car passing through the ranks of the parade during the ceremony on the second day of their visit. Prince Charles and Princess Anne watched the parade from a near-by hotel balcony. Malta welcomed the Queen and the Duke with enthusiasm, their arrival at Valletta being greeted by the ringing of the island's church bells.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

MALTA STAGES A GREAT DISPLAY

GRAND HARBOUR EN FÊTE FOR THE ROYAL VISIT : This was the scene on the last night of the five-day stay when the ships of the British Mediterranean Fleet were floodlit and the outlines of other vessels were picked out in lights. Lying astern of the Royal yacht are the floodlit cruisers *Glasgow*, *Gambia* and *Bermuda*. Soon after the *Britannia* left Tobruk en route to Malta she met many ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, and sailed in company with the Fleet for the rest of the journey.

PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE GO ASHORE AT GIBRALTAR AND VISIT THE ROCK'S BARBARY APES : The three pictures reproduced on this page show the two children, in company with temporary guardians, feeding the apes during their two visits to the gun-site where the apes live. Both visits were unexpected and few people saw the children during their drive across Gibraltar. It is evident by the expressions on the children's faces (especially Princess Anne) that they thoroughly enjoyed their meetings with the apes.

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

THE ROYAL CHILDREN MEET GIBRALTAR'S APES

Prince Charles and Princess Anne Pay Two Visits to the Animals

HIGH ON A PEAK OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TAKE A FAREWELL LOOK AT GIBRALTAR: Soon afterwards they sailed in the *Britannia* on the last lap of their world-wide journey. During their stay at Gibraltar the Royal visitors toured the tunnels beneath the Rock and saw the great R.E.M.E workshop; the waterworks and the new power plant. At an official luncheon the Queen spoke of the joint determination of Britain and the people of Gibraltar to go forward "in the future, in partnership and in amity for good government, and the sure safe-keeping of the colony and fortress of Gibraltar."

The Queen's Commonwealth Journey

THE VISIT TO THE ROCK

Gibraltar, the Last Port of Call on the 50,000-mile Royal Tour

THE RECEPTION AND YET ANOTHER MILITARY DISPLAY: *Left*—With the Duke of Edinburgh at her side, the Queen receives the Keys of the fortress from the Governor, General Sir Gordon MacMillan, and then, *on right*, drives slowly past a guard of honour during a display by the Combined Services on the air runway. Later in the day the Queen attended a dinner at The Convent, the official residence of the Governor, and received a diamond brooch in the form of Gibraltar's Arms.

THE QUEEN ENTERS HOME WATERS

Seventeen Ships of the Home Fleet Escorted the Royal Yacht Up-Channel from Plymouth

After a high-speed dash across the Bay of Biscay, the Royal yacht steamed into St. Austell Bay late on the night of May 13, and the rugged Cornish coast, bathed in moonlight, was the Queen's first glimpse of England for six arduous months. On the next morning began the *Britannia's* triumphant progress up the English Channel to the Thames and the Pool of London, that misty, crowded stretch of water which, as much as anything, marks the heart of the Empire that the Queen has just visited.

The only blight on the Royal homecoming was that most English of afflictions, the weather. On a day of tradition, it held to its own dismal tradition—that of confounding the weather experts. What should have been a clear, warm day turned out to be misty, cold and drizzly. The only warmth was in the reception of the Queen by her people.

Leaving St. Austell Bay, the *Britannia* made contact with the Home Fleet off Plymouth at 9 a.m. Then seventeen warships, among them the mighty *Vanguard*, escorted Her Majesty up to the Solent. But, apart from the Royal Navy, she was escorted by scores of little ships, which had put out to greet her and not be disappointed like some of the crowds on shore, who were unable to see the *Britannia* because of mist.

Near Bournemouth, some of the little ships nearly came to disaster. About forty sailing-boats were scattered ahead of the convoy just as the escort vessels were about to increase speed and take their leave of the Queen. The *Vanguard*, after signalling to them by light, had to warn them by loud hailer to drop astern. When the destroyers did speed up, many of the yachts were heavily buffeted by their wash.

Below—

THE "BRITANNIA" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: Visibility was poor as seventeen vessels of the Home Fleet escorted the Queen on the first stage of her journey up-Channel to the Solent. Many of the crowds waiting on the coast were unable to see the procession.

DESTROYERS OF THE HOME FLEET TAKE THEIR LEAVE OF THE QUEEN OFF ANVIL POINT: The ships are seen increasing speed to overtake the *Britannia*, with the ships' companies lining the sides to salute and cheer the Queen as they take their leave. They had escorted her from Plymouth with the precision of a ceremonial parade. The battleship *Vanguard* was among the seventeen escort vessels, and saluted the Queen, sharp at nine o'clock, with 21 guns before starting the procession up-Channel.

H.M.Y. "BRITANNIA" STEAMS THROUGH THE SOLENT AND IS ACCOMPANIED BY A HOST OF SMALL CRAFT: This picture is reminiscent of those from Sydney, Hobart and other Australian ports when the *Gothic* entered and left harbour during the Royal tour in the Pacific area. Great crowds were assembled along the coast at Portsmouth and Southsea and on the north shore of the Isle of Wight as the Royal yacht steamed past.

IN THE SOLENT and UP THE THAMES

The "Britannia" Says Farewell to the Home Fleet and Journeys Along London River

On left—
THE SUBMARINES SALUTE THE QUEEN: The *Britannia* is seen steaming past a flotilla with other warships of the escort in the background. Many ships began assembling along the Channel several days before the Royal homecoming.

FAREWELL TO BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BATTLESHIP : The ship's company of H.M.S. *Vanguard* man ship as the *Britannia* steams past. *Vanguard*, wearing the flag of Admiral Sir Michael Denny, C.-in-C., Home Fleet, and other ships, met the Royal yacht about seven miles to the south-east of Eddystone Lighthouse and escorted her as far as the Hampshire coast. Just off the Needles all ships steamed past the Royal yacht to salute the Queen.

THREE CHEERS FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, AS THE ROYAL YACHT SAILS PAST DURING HER VOYAGE UP THE THAMES TO THE POOL OF LONDON : Acting as official escort to the *Britannia* is one of the Navy's Fast Patrol Boats. As the Royal yacht passed the Naval College, Prince Charles joined his parents on deck to wave in acknowledgment to the cheers. There were also thousands of schoolchildren assembled near the officers of the College.

STEPPING ABOARD THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE AT SOUTHAMPTON: Sir Winston Churchill is greeted by Rear-Admiral B. I. Robertshaw as he goes aboard the barge of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, in which he was taken to the Royal yacht *Britannia*.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL GOES TO MEET THE QUEEN

The Prime Minister Leaves Southampton to Go Aboard "Britannia" on the Eve of the Royal Arrival

THE PRIME MINISTER LEAVES SOUTHAMPTON: Sir Winston Churchill walking to the barge which conveyed him to the *Britannia*, then lying about half-a-mile off shore near the entrance to the Solent. The Prime Minister walked briskly up the gangway of the yacht, and the Queen and the Duke went aft to welcome him.

"FORMER NAVAL PERSON" WAS BACK IN HARNESS WHEN HE SET OUT FOR THE ROYAL YACHT: Sir Winston Churchill, wearing the uniform of Trinity House, of which he is an Elder Brother, on his way to the *Britannia*. The Prime Minister dined with the Queen and the Duke during the voyage up the Channel. He spent the night aboard the Royal yacht and then travelled to the Pool of London with the Royal party. Ships' sirens sounded the V signal as he disembarked at the Tower.

THE REST OF THE NEWS

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT A HOHENZOLLERN CASTLE : Foresters of the Hohenzollern family accompany the coffin of Crown Princess Cecilie at the private cemetery in the castle at Hechingen, on the family estates in Southern Germany. The funeral was attended by some 400 people, including many representatives of German and other European royalty.

THE COFFIN OF CROWN PRINCESS CECILIE IS LOWERED INTO ITS GRAVE : Members of the Hohenzollern family and other Royal mourners stand by as the coffin, draped with the Imperial flag of Prussia, is placed into position. Crown Princess Cecilie, who died earlier this month at the age of sixty-seven, was the widow of Crown Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of Emperor William II. At the time of the abdication of his father in 1918, the Crown Prince renounced all rights to the succession to the Prussian throne. Among the chief mourners at the funeral at Hechingen were the Crown Princess's second son, Prince Louis-Ferdinand, who is now head of the House of Hohenzollern. Also present was Prince Oskar, the only living son of the former German Emperor and a great-grandson of Queen Victoria.

A HOHENZOLLERN FUNERAL

The Body of Crown Princess Cecilie is Laid to Rest on the Family Estates at Hechingen, in Southern Germany

SMALL FRY IN A BIG PAN : The small fish are placed into metal net baskets, and then fried in boiling oil in a giant pan. The resulting delicacy is distributed free to the people of Camogli and any visitors who may wish to participate in the feast.

EVERYONE TURNS OUT TO WATCH THE FRYING : A view of the small fishing port of Camogli, near Genoa, on the occasion of the festival of St. Fortunato, the port's patron saint. On that day some 5 tons of fish are fried and then distributed to the inhabitants and the thousands of tourists who have gathered to watch the ceremonies. This annual gesture is designed to disprove the popular idea that the inhabitants of Camogli, and those of other fishing villages in that part of Italy, have a decidedly stingy side to their natures.

On left—
POURING THE OLIVE OIL INTO THE FRYING-PAN : This is obviously the largest frying-pan in the world. It was made at a Genoa metal yard, is 13 ft. in diameter and 18 ins. deep.

FRIED-FISH FESTIVAL

The People of the Italian Fishing Port of Camogli Give Annual Proof of Their Generosity by a Free Distribution of Fish—After a Mammoth Frying Session

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

THE LATEST BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO BE COMMISSIONED SEEN DURING HER TRIALS: An aerial view H.M.S. *Centaur*, showing the new angled deck which has been devised so that aircraft may use t carrier with a greater degree of safety. Launched in April 1947, H.M.S. *Centaur* was built by Harla and Wolff and was completed last year. As well as the angled deck, she carries many other mode devices, including canvas bunks for all ratings and mess decks equipped with tubular steel furniture. T *Centaur* has a displacement of 18,300 tons and can carry a wartime complement of 1,400 officers and m

Dien Bien Phu.—I recall the stages in the past months by which Dien Bien Phu was gradually put on the map and entered on the page of history. It had, indeed, changed hands before, during France's long and bitter struggle in Indo-China, but until very recently it was only one more of those frontier posts, formerly peaceful villages, round and before which the struggle ebbed and flowed. And now it is a Thermopylæ in history, and we all felt bitterly sad that the gallant "three hundred" under Castries had been overrun, refusing surrender. What were those gallant men fighting, enduring and dying for? Not, I am sure, for French Imperialism. For freedom? Certainly, for spiritual freedom. For to die and not to yield is spiritual freedom, whether you are marching to the Pole, or fighting for the top of Everest, or obeying orders as a volunteer or conscript soldier. Compared with spiritual freedom, political freedom must always be less ardent and clear-burning. For politics, even anti-Communism, are never the rallying cry of young soldiers fighting far from their homes, though they may well be so when men fight round their own village pumps. As it was in 480 B.C., so it has often been in the centuries since then that a nation has needed its Leonidas and a handful of brave men to prove to the world that its national spirit is still strong, its people still virile and great, its future still assured by the quality of its young men. And the French Premier was justified in claiming that the latest Thermopylæ, like Verdun, is a victory of the spirit for France and an augury for France. But to suppose that those "tall young men who drank death like wine" in the mud and blood saw themselves as bulwarks against Communism or defenders of human rights is blurb for the politicians. I expect they damned the stupidity of the High Command, the rottenness of Government and the foul imbecility of war; as brave soldiers always do in every war.

"Talking of Vermin."—When the other day Mr. Morrison split open the rift in his party ranks by accusing Mr. Bevan of having cost the Party perhaps forty seats by his famous "vermin" speech, it was certainly a just riposte (to Mr. Morrison) that the Labour Party leaders at the time did nothing to repudiate Mr. Bevan's insult to half the electors, but went forward to the elections with the hope that it might serve their turn, and even appointed Mr. Bevan to high office. For my part, I dislike being called vermin and have never had the slightest thought of casting my vote for Labour. I could understand that many of the "wobblers" who in recent years have been held to decide the fate of our close general elections, might toy with the idea of giving a Government composed of Attlees and Morrisons a turn, but even that probability I now reject, after proofs to what state their financial experts could bring this country down after five years of office. But never could I understand how those "wobblers" could cast their votes for a Labour Government of Bevans. The wobblers, after all, are few. The solid core of voters are equally divided and equally immovable from their convictions by arguments, lies, persuasions or results. Nowadays the Tory is for ever a Tory, the Socialist an unconvertible Socialist; accordingly, tub-thumping and party political polemics are hot air and nonsense for the hard core of the electorate. But Mr. Bevan has very strong support, indeed, among the Socialists, and perhaps there are more to applaud his vitriolic outbursts than to approve the patience and comparative restraint of the older party chiefs. I believe him to be shrewd, I know him to be impulsive. So, too, was Lloyd-George. He did his share of "vermin"-hunting in his younger days, as demagogues must. It is the only way in which a demagogue thirsting for power can call attention to his unknown figure on a small tub. The difficulty is to know when to turn one's back on that ladder and "scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend." Mr. Bevan is a big boy now and he must be beginning to learn the lesson that it is dangerous to talk too much, and that hard words and bitter insults, spoken in heat or deliberately, come home to roost, and are remembered far longer than conventional political bromides. As I remarked last week, it is a puzzle to me that politicians who have risen to prominence, can ever, even in semi-jest, indulge in personalities against political opponents. It is surely to take big risks in flying at small game. You never know what event may occur on the morrow which may make your attack appear like hitting a man when he is down; alternatively, you can never be sure that he may not rise again and give you an unexpected counter-biff.

Bannister's Mile.—In my youth as a long-jumper, I once or twice competed for Oxford against the A.A.A. on Iffley ground. And another contemporary in those matches was Henderson-Hamilton, who ran a mile in 4 mins. 17 secs. And very marvellous we thought it for an amateur. And now Roger Bannister, five years older than H.-H., has knocked more than 17 seconds off that record (long since broken), and is the first man to run a mile in under 4 minutes. Or so I suppose. I don't know if the ancient Greeks kept records; certainly none that survive. Bannister is five years older than was Henderson-Hamilton. He and Gundar Haegg (who got closest to his record) are young men half-a-century later than was H.-H. What do we deduce from that? That the human race is perpetually improving in physical health, strength and endurance; that racing tracks and runnings shoes are for ever being made more speed-worthy; that the weather for speed records constantly improves? Do we congratulate ourselves that the life we live, the food we eat, the medicos we consult, all ensure that we can run faster, jump higher and throw heavier weights than our ancestors could do? Or is it an affair of the spirit? Until about a century ago we were content to travel no faster than did the Romans in A.D. 300. Then came the devil's carriage-on-wheels and we began to go mad about speed, and then came internal combustion and gradually we produced engines travel faster than the speed of sound. But this triumj was all an affair of engines and scientists. If Bannist and Haegg are physically stronger than were th fathers and grandfathers, we must chalk that up science also, perhaps—diet, hygiene, and so on. Myse I don't give that record by human legs to science. give it to the spirit of man. If he wants it enough, he tries enough, there is, it seems, nothing a man cann achieve. We are all mad about speed. We must trav faster and faster. Bannister put his heart into spe and forced his legs to do what he wanted, in spite of starvation diet and existence in a beastly smog.

Edwardian Suits.—I was comforted by correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph* intervening i the symposium on hooliganism and Edwardianis He said: "Edwardian suits are really a red herrin Many people who wear them are not hooligans. . . I wear them myself and deny that I am a hooligai I wear them because I was fitted for them (and pai for them) in the reign of King Edward VII, and they were better fitted and made of better cloth than any I can buy to-day. They cost me, according to thei nature, £7 10s. to £10, against the £40 to £50 (which I refuse to squander on indifferent modern substitutes) and they show little sign of wear. On the rare occasions when I put on my evening tail-coat or my morning tail-coat, I neither glorify hooliganism nor fear to be conspicuous. Indeed, I flatter myself I look quite as smart and up-to-date as most of my moth-eaten contemporaries and many of their grandsons. I agree that Edwardian suits are a red herring in this controversy. And how complicated the issue is! For other correspondents declare that the key to the problem of hooliganism is boredom, and that the trouble lies with education. Much more attention must be paid in the schools to teaching "sport and games" to provide young potential hooligans with hobbies and interests. Alas! That solution directly sabotages the other current symposium, the decline of the three R's in national education, the shocking illiteracy of the output of national schools into business and industry and the armed forces. *Too much time* is spent on games and hobbies, too little on learning to spell and write and even read. What is truth? as a very famous magistrate once remarked. And where is the solution of any and every burning problem of to-day?

THE OLD STAGER

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."
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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The Royal London Yacht Club Regatta and the Poole Bar Race

By UFFA FOX

The Exhibition at the V. & A. of Queen Mary's Art Treasures

THE QUEEN MOTHER RETURNS TO LONDON

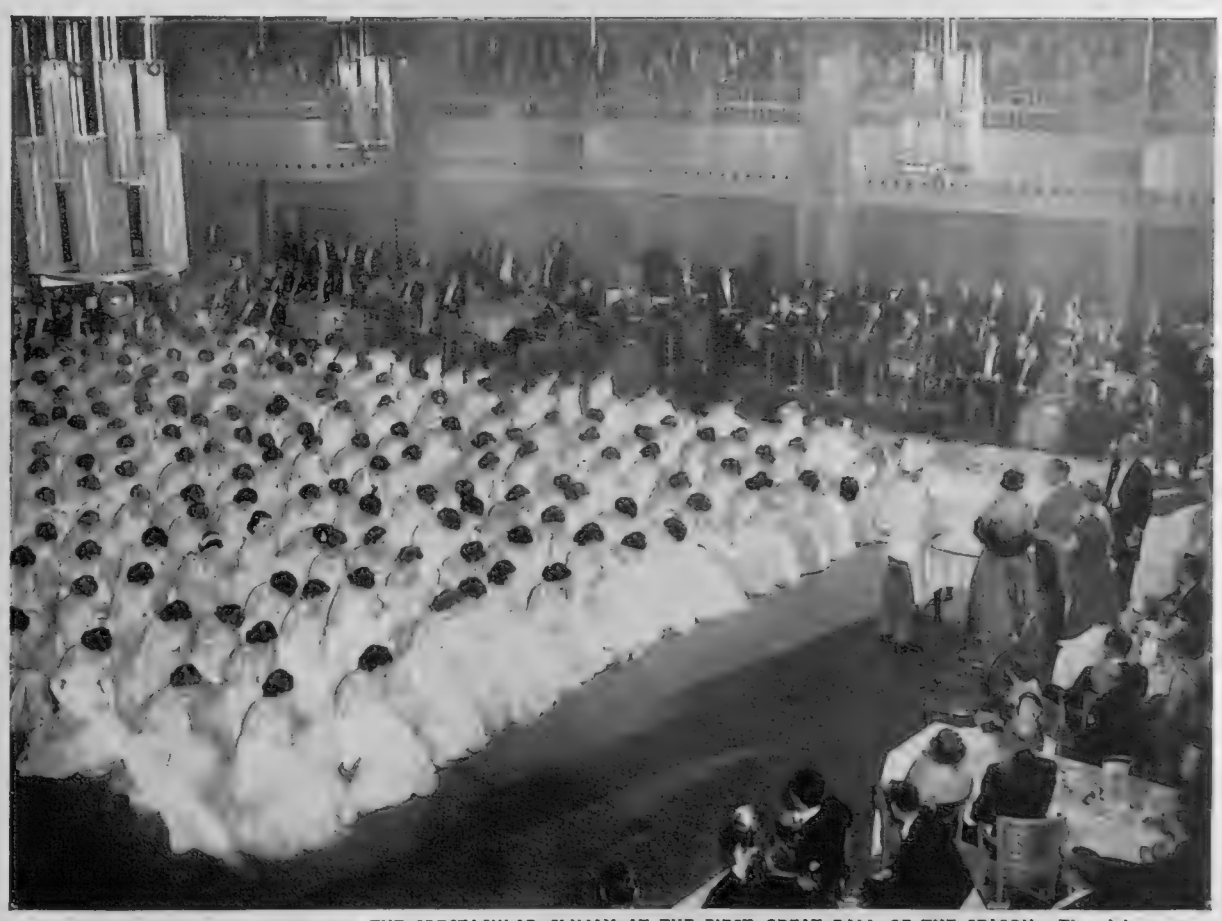
With Princess Margaret, Her Majesty Flew Back from Scotland to prepare for the Queen's Homecoming

THE ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT : Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother waiting to enter her car after arriving with Princess Margaret in London. Already in the car are a pet corgi and a sealyham. Princess Margaret is seen bringing up the other sealyham. *On right*—Princess Margaret at the airport, wearing black-and-white speckled tweeds and a black corduroy pancake beret. She is accompanied by Air-Commodore Sir Edward Fielden, Captain of the Queen's Flight. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret had flown from Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, in a Viking aircraft of the Queen's Flight. They were returning from a week's holiday at Birkhall, Deeside, in time for the final preparations for the homecoming of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. During the Queen's absence abroad both the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret (together with other members of the Royal Family) acted as Counsellors of State.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S

The Annual Ball for Debutantes in London

A GREAT OCCASION FOR THREE YOUNG LADIES : From left—Miss Julietta Wright, Miss Cecilia Scott and Miss Felicity Pugh. They were among the debutantes at the annual Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, held at Grosvenor House, London. The guest of honour was the Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes.



THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX AT THE FIRST GREAT BALL OF THE SEASON : The debutantes, all wearing white dresses and white gloves, dipping in curtsy to the guest of honour, the Duchess of Devonshire. The debutantes, all seventeen or eighteen years old, had formed in rows of twenty at 11 p.m. after coming down the twin staircases from the gallery to the ballroom. Then the Duchess of Devonshire cut the giant three-tiered birthday cake, and distributed a piece to each debutante. The original Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball was held at St. James's Palace some 200 years ago.

On left—

AN INTRICATE MANŒUVRE AND A GREAT TEST OF DEPORTMENT : The debutantes had come down the staircases to stately music from *Judas Maccabaeus*. Now they are deploying skilfully so as to arrive in rows of twenty in front of the Duchess of Devonshire and the great birthday cake.

EAGERLY THEY WAIT FOR THEIR SLICE : The debutantes crowd round for their cake after it had been cut with all due ceremony.

Above and below—
TWO VIEWS OF THE MINI-SUB MANŒUVRING UNDER WATER—ONE OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN SMALL UNDER-WATER CRAFT IN THE UNITED STATES: The Mini-Sub, which started life as the hobby of its inventor, Mr. C. A. Gongwer, has been developed by the Aerojet General Corporation of the United States to aid underwater exploration. The craft is powered by foot pedals connected by chains to gears, which drive the propeller, enabling the pilot to reach a speed of about 5 m.p.h. under water, or a small engine can be installed giving the slightly higher speed of 8 m.p.h. Weighing only 145 lb., the Mini-Sub is 8 ft. 6 ins. long and 22 ins. wide, and the operator sits upright in a cockpit enclosed by a "bubble" cover and wears an "aqualung"—a breathing apparatus fed from two compressed-air cylinders carried on the wearer's back. The controls of the small underwater craft are worked by a "joystick," and the machine can bank, turn, dive and climb in much the same manner as an aircraft. As well as the Mini-Sub, the Aerojet General Corporation have developed the Aquaped, which can be used for underwater swimming.

OVER LAND and UNDER WATER

SOME RECENT UNITED STATES DEVELOPMENTS IN WARFARE AND UNDERWATER TRAVEL

A NEW AMERICAN HEAVY TANK MAKES ITS DEBUT: A front view of the tank, the T-43, showing the turret and the gun swung to the rear in the travelling position. Weighing 60 tons, the T-43 is the heaviest tank to be produced so far in the United States, and its 120-mm. gun is the largest-calibre gun yet to be fitted to a tank in that country.

A REAR VIEW OF THE 60-TON TANK: The gun, which is again in the travelling position, is supported by a steel tripod to prevent undue strain during manœuvres over rough country. This is one of the first American heavy tanks to be produced and is going into production for the American Armed Forces. The need for a heavy gun tank was first felt by the Western Allies during the later days of World War II, when the Germans were using the Tiger tanks, and the Russians the Joseph Stalin. The first British tank to be produced on these lines was the Centurion, although this is more properly in the universal class of tank, as it can be used as a cruiser as well as a heavy gun tank. Recently, however, it was announced that the Conqueror tank had been produced. This tank is very similar to the American heavy gun tank seen *above* and *on right*.

"AMAZON ANNIE" CROSSES THE RHINE—THE UNITED STATES ARMY 280-MM. HEAVY GUN SEEN DURING EXERCISES IN GERMANY: *On left*—The gun, which can fire atomic weapons, seen boarding a British-type landing-craft before being ferried across the river. *On right*—An aerial view of the gun and landing-craft just before leaving the bank of the Rhine. The gun, which early in its career was christened "Amazon Annie," is the largest artillery weapon to have complete mobility, and its accuracy is claimed to be of the same high standard reached by more conventional artillery weapons. At longer ranges it is more accurate than the older types of weapons.

A SEA AND SKY FIGHTING TEAM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A Lockheed WV-2 early-warning radar aircraft seen flying over the carrier *Oriskany*, the newest carrier in service with the United States Navy, which has most of the aircraft she carries lined up on the deck. This is the first photograph to be released of this fighting team. The aircraft is a naval version of the Super Constellation luxury airliner and is virtually a flying radar laboratory. It carries one large radar dome on its back, another on its belly, and yet another in its nose. Although, because of its great size, it must be land-based, it can remain airborne for many hours at a time and patrol large areas of sea, well away from any land. The aircraft-carrier, which was completed in 1950, carries 100 planes, of many types, including both fighters and bombers. The Lockheed WV-2 can locate an enemy force and relay the information to the carrier well before the ship's own detectors pick up any information. The carrier would then bring its powerful fighting force into action.

T-43 TAKES A DUCKING: The tank is seen moving slowly through water, which almost reaches the drivers cockpit, during some strenuous tests held recently at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland.

A FAMILY GROUP OF MODERN AMERICAN TANKS: The T-43 is seen in the foreground of this picture, and grouped behind it are its smaller relations. From left to right are the medium-gun tank, the M-47; the M-48, another medium-gun tank; and the light gun tank, the M-41.

A FILLIP FOR BRITISH MOTORING

The New Research Establishment at Lindley, Near Nuneaton, will Do Much to Keep the British Motoring Industry in the Forefront of Automobile Development

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT would be difficult to assess in terms of pounds sterling the value to the British motor industry of the new research establishment which the Minister of Transport, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, opened yesterday (Friday, May 21) at Lindley, near Nuneaton.

The Motor Industry Research Association, formed in 1946 to undertake co-operative research, took over a disused R.A.F. aerodrome at Lindley three years later.

In five years they have built up an establishment which, with laboratories, high-speed testing circuit and facilities of many different kinds, will do much to keep the British motor industry in the forefront of automobile development.

I do not think M.I.R.A. is exaggerating when it claims that at Lindley they have a vehicle proving-ground which is the best in Europe, and compares favourably with those of the big U.S. firms.

The M.I.R.A. proving-ground can be used by member firms at any time, and more than 100 different firms are now regularly using its test facilities. Nearly 900 member firms subscribe two-thirds of M.I.R.A.'s income, either directly or through the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. The high-speed circuit is nearly three miles long, with three steeply-banked bends. It can be lapped consistently at speeds of nearly 150 m.p.h. and fills a need which was dramatically demonstrated two years ago.

It was because Britain did not then possess a high-speed testing circuit that the Jaguar team went to Le Mans with a cooling defect which quickly became apparent when the cars were driven really fast in practice. The new 1954 Jaguar, of which I shall be writing later, has already made good use of the Lindley track. Other testing facilities at M.I.R.A. include 1½ miles of *pavé* track, copied from a Belgian road in a bad state of repair; a corrugated track, reproducing the notorious "washboard" roads of tropical countries; water splashes; a timing "straight"; and a dust tunnel 200 ft. long, which quickly exposes ineffective sealing of car bodies and luggage boots.

Did you notice, in your newspaper the other day, that a gentleman named Smith jumped up at the Margate Conference of the National Chamber of Trade and spoke in defence of the poor old motorist?

This is what he said: "Every motorist knows that every day he prevents accidents by the score. He is expected to know what is happening in front of him, behind him, on both sides of him, what is coming around the next corner.

"By some sixth sense he must know that the dog on the pavement is suddenly going to run out, and that a ball bouncing on to the road is going to be followed by a child. All the time he must be on the alert, watching for signals, policemen and pedestrians, while the pedestrians can wander at will unharassed.

"If the pedestrians were convinced of their responsibility and occasionally convicted for refusing to recognise those responsibilities, then we might see less accidents, and motoring and walking might be a greater pleasure."

Thank you, Mr. Smith!

British engineering as a whole, and not merely the great firm of Rolls-Royce, recalls with interest and gratitude this month the meeting, fifty years ago, of the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Sir Henry Royce.

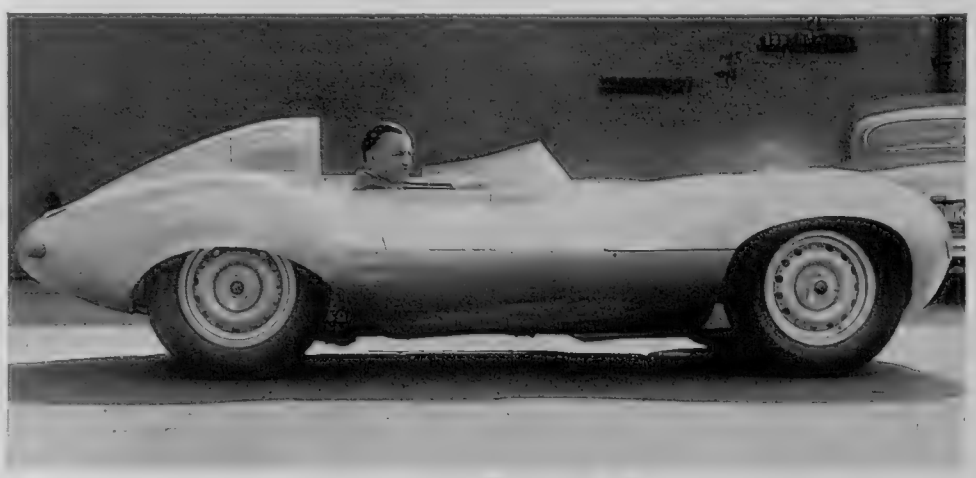
These two very dissimilar men gave to British engineering a prestige from which the nation still benefits and laid the foundations of a firm which, through the medium of the Merlin aero engine, made a vital contribution to Allied victory in the last war.

In 1904 Charles Rolls, himself a pioneer motorist, had a car showroom in London's Conduit Street. A man of charming personality and valuable social contacts, he was able to find buyers for many of the foreign cars that were chugging their way into the British market.

On April 1 of the same year, Royce tried out his first car for the first time. It was a 10-h.p. car built in Manchester on conventional lines, but the silence of its engine was a revelation. Rolls was tremendously impressed when he tried out the Royce car and he agreed to take, for sale at his Conduit Street showroom, every car that Royce could build.

That was how the great partnership began—with Claude Johnson, Rolls' partner, taking charge of the organisation and cementing the specialised genius of the two men. Rolls was killed in 1910 in a flying accident at Bournemouth after gaining the distinction of being the first man to make a two-way crossing of the English Channel.

Sir Henry Royce died in 1933; and every Rolls-Royce car built since then has been given a black background to its famous "R-R" radiator monogram.



A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE NEW JAGUAR 3½-LITRE SPORTS CAR: On a recent practice run the car reached a speed of 115 m.p.h., but it is thought to be capable of 190 m.p.h. The car, 32 ins. high, is being entered in the forthcoming 24-hours sports car race at Le Mans.

The Jaguar organisation is making a very determined bid to produce another British victory in next month's 24-hours sports car race at Le Mans. If they succeed it will be the second Jaguar win at Le Mans in two years and their third in four years.

Mr. William Lyons and a team of engineers under Mr. W. M. Heynes have produced an entirely new competition Jaguar for this year's race, and when it was demonstrated to motoring writers for the first time at Coventry recently it made a big impression.

Mr. Lyons announced that the prototype was being taken to Le Mans the following day for tests over the actual circuit used for this classic French race. The road was closed for the occasion and a speed of 115 m.p.h. was clocked on one practice lap.

The fastest lap recorded by the Jaguar which won the race last year was 112 m.p.h.; Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton drove the winning "Jag" at an average speed of 105.6 m.p.h. for the twenty-four hours. There will be three of the new "Jags" in next month's race. One will be driven by Rolt and Hamilton, another by Stirling Moss and Peter Walker, and the third by Peter Whitehead and Ken Wharton.

The 3½-litre engine of the new "Jag" is basically the unit which powers Mr. Lyons' production saloons, but it is producing yet more power and some people are saying the beautifully streamlined car is capable of close on 190 m.p.h. The engine has been tilted to give a smaller frontal area and the car is only 32 ins. high: 6 ins. lower than last year's model. The car is 3 ins. shorter and the wheelbase has been reduced to 6 ins. The best of luck, Mr. Lyons!

Another British sports car which has been in the news lately is the Triumph TR 2, whose basic home market price has been increased by £30. With the extra purchase tax this lively 100-m.p.h. two-seater now costs £42 10s. more than formerly, but it is still amazingly good value for money. The new price is £886 10s. 10d., including £261 10s. 10d. tax.

News has just reached me of a remarkable demonstration tour recently completed in the U.S. by a Triumph TR 2 driven by a young private owner from the Channel Islands: Mr. Frank Oxley.

He and an American friend set out to drive to every state capital in the U.S. in eighteen days. In spite of a head-on collision which held them up for 2½ days, they finished their tour in under twenty-one days.

During that time the Triumph covered 14,181 miles at an average overall speed of 28.2 m.p.h., including all stops. Its average speed while in motion was 50.6 m.p.h. Well done, Oxley! Your car did well too!

That was an interesting county court decision at Bristol the other day concerning damage to cars left at a garage for repairs.

The judge held that if your car is damaged while being driven by a mechanic, you yourself are liable. But if the mechanic, while driving your car, damages another vehicle or injures another driver, then the garage is liable.

I do not, as a rule, write about motor coaches in these Notes [illegible] I want to mention an inte[illegible]ing new Diesel coach e[illegible] announced the other day by Sir Reginald Rootes. It is a high-speed, direct-injection 2-stroke, with opposed pistons in each of its three parallel cylinders and blower-assisted scavenging. The two p[illegible] come almost together in the middle of the cyl[illegible] compressing the mixture until it burns and [illegible] them apart.

The Rootes Group are making these engines t[illegible] selves at Maidstone, Kent. It is the first Diesel [illegible] they have offered in any vehicle, and never before Diesel of this kind been used by any form of [illegible] transport in Britain. It does not look as if I[illegible] intend to do anything, in the immediate future, i[illegible] way of marketing a Diesel-engined car.

It's interesting news that the *Daily Telegra[illegible]* sponsoring the meeting with which the new £10[illegible] three-mile-long motor-racing circuit at Aintree is [illegible] opened next Saturday (May 29).

The new track has been built round the horse-r[illegible] course, which is the home of the Grand National [illegible] all the grandstand, parking and other facilities which already exist at Aintree will be available for use by the devotees of the noisier sport. Motor-racing at Ai[illegible] is being organised by the British Automobile R[illegible] Club, which is also responsible for the Goodwood (Sussex) meetings.

A new book you should not fail to buy is [illegible] *Motoring Abroad*, by Rodney Walkerley, sports editor of *The Motor*. Published by Temple Press at 12s. 6d and illustrated by Brockbank, it is a witty and entertaining follow-up to Walkerley's earlier book, *Motoring Abroad*. It takes readers by car to half-a-dozen different countries on the Continent and regales them with much amusing talk about food, wine, history, night clubs and cathedrals.

Congratulations to Miss Sheila Van Damm on winning the Ladies' Prize in a Sunbeam Talbot in the strenuous Tulip Rally organised by the Dutch. Of 211 starters, only 128 completed the 2,100-miles route.

Best-placed British car in the general classification was a Jaguar driven by J. P. Boardman, J. A. Duckworth and J. W. Withworth. It came fourth, behind an Alfa-Romeo, Porsche and D.K.W., in that order.

Footnote: A convertible version of the 750-cc. Baby Renault saloon is now available in Britain for £780 5s. 10d., including £230 5s. 10d. purchase tax.

A NEW LAGONDA FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: This is the 100 m.p.h., 3-litre Lagonda Coupé ordered by the Duke before he left on the Royal Tour, and seen here at the Aston-Martin works at Feltham, Middlesex. It is a normal production-line model with two modifications: a hydraulically-operated hood, and radio-telephony equipment. The car is finished in dark green.

FROM MADRID TO FRANKFORT IN A FIFTY-YEAR-OLD MERCÉDÈS CAR: Maximo Cassarupio, a former Spanish racing driver, seen at the wheel as he passed the city boundary of Frankfort, after a three-week drive from Madrid. With him in the car are Gregorio Prendes, chief editor of the Spanish motor magazine *Motor-Mundial*, and Señora Donate. The car, which has a 5,325-cc. engine, belongs to the Spanish Royal Automobile Club. Speeds of 30–45 m.p.h. were reported during the trip.

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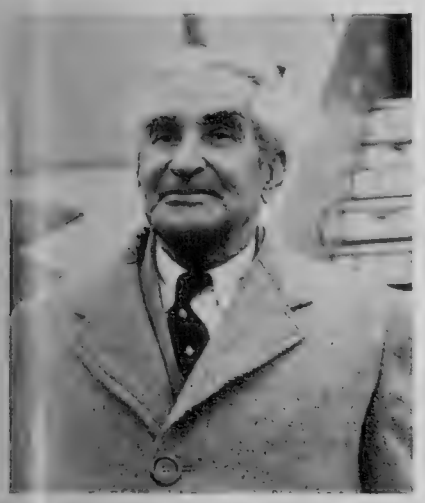
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Some of the Personalities at the Centre of the Events of Last Week

ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY BILL PASSES THE U.S. SENATE : President Eisenhower signs the Bill that makes it possible for the U.S. and Canada jointly to open the Great Lakes to the ships of the world. Round him are various Congressmen and Canadian Ambassador A. P. T. Heeney (standing, on left). Canada has been suggesting this project for half-a-century, but previous American Congresses have refused to ratify it. The project will provide a 27-ft.-deep channel to the head of Lake Superior and is expected to cost about 1,000,000,000 dollars.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN CELEBRATES HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY : The former Democrat President is seen arriving at New York, with his wife and daughter, before going to a dinner in honour of his birthday. He said he felt just as he had forty years ago. "I wouldn't say I 'm as young," he qualified, "but I feel just as well." The ex-President was sent congratulations from statesmen all over the world, among them Sir Winston Churchill.



MR. BUSTAMANTE ARRIVES IN LONDON : Seen at London Airport is Mr. William Bustamante, Chief Minister of Jamaica, The West Indies Governments are alarmed at the U.K.'s agreement to buy surplus oranges and grapefruit from the U.S. ; they fear the repercussions on their own citrus-fruit industries.

ESCAPE FROM MANHOOD : American millionaire John Cabell Breckinridge plans to travel to Denmark in August for an operation to turn him into a woman. Breckinridge, aged fifty, wants to get married when he returns. He is known as "Bunny" and wears perfume and jewellery.

THE CHIEF WESTERN DELEGATES AT GENEVA : Mr. Eden is seen with Mr. Walter Bedell Smith and M. Bidault at the French delegate's villa La Bocage, near Geneva. The three Ministers had met to discuss their approach to the meeting on Indo-China. Mr. Eden's clear and reasonable approach to the problems of Korea and Indo-China has won him a great reputation at Geneva. A Chinese spokesman referred to him in all sincerity as "the king of the conference."

THE UNO DISARMAMENT COMMISSION'S SUB-COMMITEE MEETS IN LONDON : In Lancaster House, the Minister of State, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (standing), makes the opening speech. On the extreme left, wearing headphones, is M. Jules Moch, the French delegate ; the Soviet delegate, Mr. Jacob Malik, sits at the end of the same table, with an earphone to his left ear. The sub-Committee, consisting of the Big Four and Canada, will work in private. Their aim is to find an "acceptable solution" to the problems of disarmament and to prepare a report by July 15.

A NEW GENERAL FOR THE SALVATION ARMY : In the centre of the picture is Commissioner Wilfred Kitching, who has been elected General of the Salvation Army in succession to General Albert Orsborn, who retires at the end of June. With him are two of the unsuccessful candidates for the post : Commissioner Lord (on left), who was a prisoner in Korea, and Commissioner Marshall.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FROM CRICKET TO SHORT STORIES

A Glance at the Abundant Supply of New Publications—both Non-fiction and Fiction—from the Publishers' Spring Lists

IT may be too fanciful to suppose that the recent balmy and beautiful weather has brought forth an especially abundant crop of new books, but generous in quantity they certainly are and, since so many of them are really deserving of notice, I will write a word to-day about as many as can be covered on an inelastic page, only wishing that individual reviews might, in some cases, be longer and fuller.

To many of us the first sign of summer is not the swallow or the cuckoo, but the first cricket broadcast, and the first photograph of a Test team playing on Worcester's lovely ground. THE ASHES CROWN THE YEAR (Collins. 16s.), by Mr. J. H. Fingleton, himself an Australian Test batsman and a journalist, is therefore an admirable reminder that summer really is here, no matter what the vagaries of the weather. The author has called it a Coronation cricket diary, and, indeed, he writes not only of the Australian cricket tour of England in 1953, when, after nineteen years, we got the Ashes back, but of his own experiences in motoring about the country, friendly gossip about colleagues and cricketers, and gives some first-rate accounts of county cricket matches, games of golf and Lindsay Hassett's prowess with mushrooms.

THE LITTLE TOUR (Cassell. 21s.) describes a series of journeys made by Mr. Giles Playfair and Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon to four of Europe's miniature States—Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein and San Marino. They were unusual, not to say unconventional, collaborators, neither having a particularly high opinion of the other's capacities, and the book they have produced between them is far from being a travel guide. It does, however, perform a real service for the prospective traveller, and that is to stimulate interest about the places discussed and, in doing this, it has also resulted in an amusingly discursive book.

When a young man gets fed-up with his sedentary and solid job, especially after the vicissitudes of a world war in which he played a very active part, he may suddenly have an excess of security and what he considers dullness, and want to pull out, in almost any direction. This happened to Mr. Jock Fairlie in 1949, and, as they say in Western dramas, he lit out fast. In fact, he threw up his job in a Fleet Street news agency and arrived a short time afterwards in British Columbia, in a logging camp. LUMBERJACK (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is one of the by-products of this virile adventure. As a book it is fresh, young and readable, and as a record of independence and perseverance it is something more than that.

Mr. Rupert Furneaux is obviously—and happily—a man who enjoys delving into old mysteries, and his collection of fourteen subjects for examination, published as FACT, FAKE OR FABLE (Cassell. 15s.), will enchant those readers who not only take nothing at face value, but who literally enjoy the hunt for substantiations. In this book, Mr. Furneaux examines and summarises the evidence on mysterious cases, such as the escape of President Lincoln's assassin, the lost colonists of Raleigh, and other questions of identity, fraud and buried treasure. Fascinating, I thought.

The next three books are connected with the last war and each of them illustrates different aspects of it. First, THE UNSEEN AND SILENT (Sheed and Ward. 21s.), an extremely moving book about the exploits of the Polish paratroops, trained in Great Britain to do their jumps over their homeland and taking part not only in the fighting of the Polish Home Army, but in the tragic, heroic Warsaw rising. General Anders has written the foreword, and Major-General Sir Colin Gubbins writes in his preface of the suffering of millions of Poles under the twin tyrannies of Germany and Soviet Russia; ". . . the oppressed and tortured country fighting on and keeping faith with its Allies unto the very bitter end."

PROUD ECHO (Robert Hale. 15s.) is the story of the Australian light cruiser *Perth*, in her last great action when, in 1942, and having survived the disastrous battle of the Java Sea, she sailed from a port of Batavia to force a passage to the Indian Ocean, met a strong Japanese convoy, and, after a fierce engagement, was sunk. Many of the ship's company were killed during the action and others died in the sea or in captivity. The book, which has been written by Mr. Ronald McKie, has been dedicated to Captain Waller, D.S.O., R.A.N., who died with his ship.

RENDEZ-VOUS 127 (Benn. 12s. 6d.) is the story of the heroism of a Belgian woman, living in Brussels during the war, and having been actively and personally responsible for the safe return of 180 airmen shot down over Europe, as well as transmitting a great deal of vital information on German troop movements and

PART OF BIRMINGHAM'S CIVIC PLATE: This magnificent fruit bowl, in silver, silver-gilt, gold and enamel, was made for Birmingham City Council to a design by Mr. Cyril J. Shiner. The Committee of Birmingham's Museum and Art Gallery were charged in 1951 to build up a collection of civic plate. Last October their first commission, a coffee service by Mr. R. G. Baxendale, was delivered; this fruit bowl, designed to commemorate Coronation Year, is their second addition to the municipal collection. The bowl is about 2 ft. wide and is supported by a base of six lions surrounding the Royal Cypher.

locations. Madame Brusselmans received the M.B.E., and this is her diary, simple and unconsciously heroic, as transcribed by Mr. Denis Hornsey, D.F.C.

Fiction must have a great task to measure up to fact, and it is fortunate in a way that the first novel in this week's list makes no such attempt, but stands on its very real merits as a family story, of two thoroughly nice families living in New York and Boston respectively, having their differences, worrying about their children and their education, their wives and their divagations, and being, on the whole, kindly and civilised through the whole process. The amazing thing about LOVE IS A BRIDGE (Gollancz. 15s.) is that it is Mr. C. B. Flood's first novel, at the age of twenty-three, when it appears to be the considered work of a mature and widely humane writer. On reflection, the last phrase stands, whatever his youth.

THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) is, in most senses of the word, a great big book. Physically and actually, it is long, over 500 pages, and in scope, although it is the story of one American, it is enormous, a picaresque novel, a saga, a story so crammed with incident and emotion and description, that it leaves the reader breathless and, more than that, with the conviction that breathlessness is a very proper state for a reader. Mr. Saul Bellow, I will say with conviction, is a major discovery in letters and, not as proof but as evidence, I will quote only the closing lines of this work: "I may well be a flop at this line of endeavour," says Augie. "Columbus too thought he was a flop, probably, when they sent him back in chains. Which didn't prove there was no America."

From the heroic scale to the domestic and from the New World to the Old with Miss Francesca Marton's cosy saga of Victorian country housekeepers, which, I think, I could safely recommend to most of my women friends—or such of them as admit to reading fiction—as a salve to heal their present-day household ills. MRS. BETSEY—*or Widowed and Wed* (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a plump young woman, whose late husband has been an innkeeper and has left her with a clutch of young children and no prospects, save her own invincible respectability, her talent for cooking and cleaning, and her ability to chase bad servants as smartly as dirt pockets from her new employer's house. She is, in fact, THE housekeeper, selfless, hard-working, undemanding, devoted to her master's interests and as refreshing to read about as all the other manifestations of Cloud Cuckoo Land.

The next two are novels of soldiers or men who have lately been soldiers. First, SOLDIER ADRIFT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which is a strange, oppressive but moving story of a troopship on its way home across the Indian Ocean, and the hostilities it contains, all exacerbated by a threat of plague on board. Mr. L. Steni is, in every sense, an exceptional writer and, to put it simply, a good one. He is also a creator of odd but recognisable moods, glum rather than grim, and seldom more than a hair's-breadth from the truth as one can recognise it.

THE WHEEL (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mr. Christopher Leach, about a young ex-soldier who, on an impulse, drives a hired car out into the desert, where it breaks down among the wrecks of tanks on an old battlefield. After hideous experiences as the prisoner of a nomad tribe, he returns to civil[illegible]tion and, to put it bluntly, settles for it. A young man, in other words, who comes to his decisions [illegible] hard way, but about whom his creator has been able to write with vividness and compassion, as well a[illegible] measure of bravura.

There are three collections of short stories t[illegible] week, each commendable though on vastly diffe[illegible] grounds. Mr. James Ramsey Ullman, for insta[illegible] writes about his familiar mountain settings as smoot[illegible] as about Hollywood or New York, in THE SIL[illegible] SWORD (Collins. 12s. 6d.), and makes a very attr[illegible] tive series, nicely assorted and shining with a h[illegible] gloss for the most part, though some of them, notably *Girl on Horseback*, which has an idyllic quality, and the title-story, in all its grimness, are quite memorable.

The fifteen stories in JIZZLE (Dobson. 11s. 6d.) are the fantastically imaginative work of Mr. John Wyndham, who wrote *The Day of the Triffids* and who is a writer who would as soon turn your blood cold as look at you. The present batch is well up to specifications, so keep it away from the impressionable and enjoy it yourself, if you don't come under that heading.

GUTTERSNIPE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of seven little novels inspired by the remarkable talent of Mr. Gerald Kersh, who seems to have decided long ago that with so much vitality and invention he scarcely needed measure. They are fun and immensely readable, and they illustrate almost as many phases of his writing ability as there are stories.

"LAST YEAR OF GRACE"

Britannica Book of the Year

The year 1954 is the year of the Four-Minute Mile, of Dien Bien Phu, of the triumphant conclusion of the Queen's Tour of the World, and there is plenty more to come: we can be sure of that, if of nothing else. With newspaper aid most of us try to keep pace with the passing pageant of events, but we can also be grateful for those publications which attempt once a year to collate the news and bring it down to digestible proportions. Among them is the BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR (Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. £3 3s.), now making its appearance for 1954 and recording the events of 1953. Here, in close on 700 pages, comprising about 700,000 words, we are able to glance back at that varied year when the Queen was crowned at Westminster, when Hillary and Tensing scaled the heights of Everest, when the Piltdown Man was exposed as a fake, when a third coelacanth was captured, when the average price of books rose from 13s. 10d. to 14s. 4d., and people like Joe McCarthy, Joseph Laniel, Mrs. Pandit, René Coty and G. M. Malenkov hit the headlines with sufficient force to deserve special biographical mention. Yes, 1953 was a great and varied year, and, foul and fair, it has been well and truly reported in this volume.

Margaret Mead and Nicolas Calas are anthological about matters anthropological in their joint volume, PRIMITIVE HERITAGE (Victor Gollancz. 21s.), which, through the eyes of a whole host of writers, brings forward a comprehensive picture of primitive man. The work is divided into sixteen parts, dealing with puberty, marriage, the daily round, religious experience, feasts and sacrifices, war and peace-making, death and immortality. André Gide on the Beauty of the Congo Huts, Herman Melville on a bathing baby in the South Seas, Gunnar Landtmann on Papuan Initiation Ceremonies, Arthur Bernard Deacon on Pig-Giving at Funerals, and James Mooney on an Indian Messiah, are only some of the contributors past and present to this very wonderful survey.

Another volume of anthropological interest is Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau's THE SACRED FOREST (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.), which in simple terms is an account of the life of four Frenchmen who lived for some months among an African people. It was in 1953 that M. Gaisseau returned to the Toma country, in the interior of French Guiana, with three companions. They were determined to live among the Toma, to attend and to film their sacred rites. This book reflects the remarkable measure of their success in spite of the fact that to many of the sorcerers of the Toma this incursion of the white men was a scandalous betrayal of their traditions.

Victor Berge left his native Sweden to work in sailing-ships at the age of fourteen. He lived in the South Seas for forty years, and in his last years there underwent great privation and terrible torture at the hands of the all-conquering Japanese. He describes these months of ordeal with a brave simplicity in DANGER IS MY LIFE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.). His courage shines through every page. He learnt to take beatings with regularity, to swallow heavily-salted water, to hang for hours by his hands, to take endless punishment at the hands of his fiendish captors, who only wanted a confession that he was a spy so that they could behead him. As he grew weaker in body he grew stronger in will. Victor Berge felt at the height of his torture that there were spiritual reserves on which to draw. He does not attempt to explain that access of strength that came to him in a Japanese gaol, but indicates that at times it was almost tangible.

Mr. S. Z. Sakall may not have been known to many film-goers by name, but tens of thousands know his face, with those great jowls which quiver like jellies, and his nickname, "Cuddles," is in general currency. Now he has written his autobiography, calling it THE STORY OF CUDDLES (Cassell. 18s.), and providing it with the delightful sub-title, "My Life Under the Emperor Francis Joseph, Adolph Hitler and the Warner Brothers." Mr. Sakall has taken all these leaders of men in his stride. The sense of humour which developed in his Austrian days survived in the early days of Nazi Germany, has come to no harm in one-track-minded Hollywood. Sakall, indeed, likes Hollywood, and he even accepts the fact that every film director expects him, as a matter of course, to shake his jowls at least once in every sequence in each and every film.

Eric Whelpton is gaining a reputation as a travel writer on European places in the sun, and he follows up his grand book on the Balearics with a survey on DALMATIA (Robert Hale. 18s.). The long, narrow coast of Dalmatia, with its hundreds of islands, is a place of manifold attractions. For those who want the simple life Mr. Whelpton puts forward the attractive idea of a holiday on one of the Dalmatian islands, where the postman does not call twice a day (or even once), and where the holiday-maker must be prepared to go without any kind of modern sanitation. However, there are noble compensations, and he finds the islanders some of the most hospitable people he has encountered in all his European travels.

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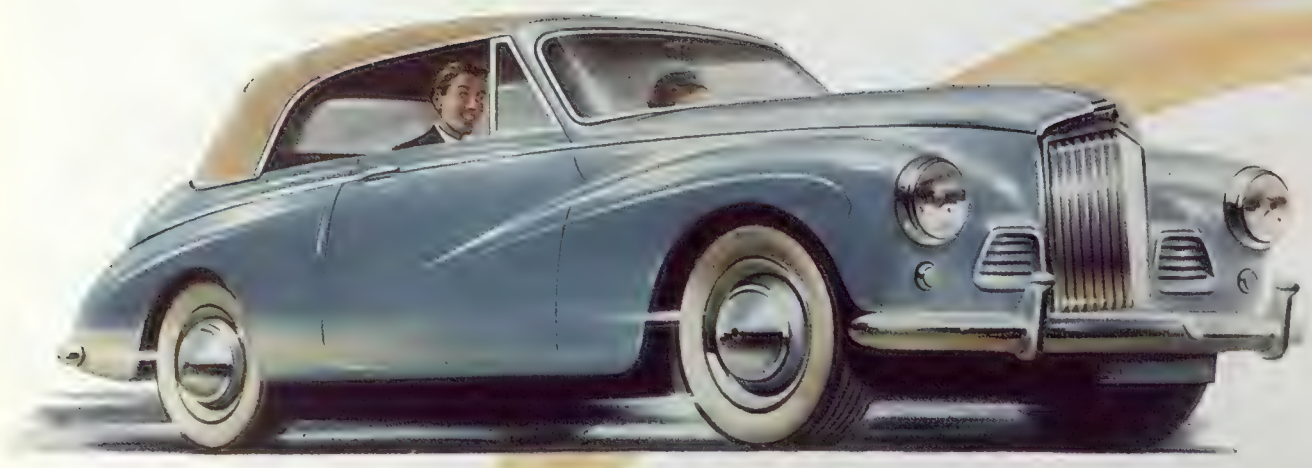

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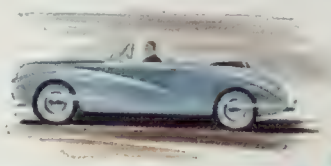

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On left—

A BOUQUET FROM THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A QUEEN: Watched by her grandmother, Queen Salote, four-year-old Mele Siuilikutapu presents a basket of flowers to Queen Elizabeth following the Royal arrival in the Friendly Islands. During the Royal tour the Queen and the Duke met children of many races, several of their engagements consisting of attendances at mass rallies. On almost every occasion there was a bouquet from a child, and the pictures on this page portray just a few of those ceremonies.

A LITTLE FIJIAN GIRL BOWS IN GREETING TO HER QUEEN: Four-year-old Mei Kainona bows deeply before making her presentation of Fijian native flowers in Suva.

SHE SAT BY THE QUEEN: Four-year-old Ester Fawcett, who had wandered up to the dais during the Maori reception at Arawa Park, Rotorua, New Zealand, sits in her place of honour close to the Queen and the officials. She stayed on the dais for some time and watched the Maori dances.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL MOMENT IN QUEENSLAND: A young girl is seen approaching the Queen during the physical culture display by Brisbane schoolboys. All went well until she tried to embrace the Queen; then she was led away by officials. Sitting next to the Queen is Mr. Gair, Queensland's Premier.

THE ROYAL CAR IS STOPPED FOR A PRESENTATION: The Queen leans forward to accept a bouquet from Gill Sheehan at Benalla, Victoria, Australia. Gill was hardly tall enough to reach the window, but she accomplished her mission triumphantly.

A NOVEL IDEA AT ADEN: Six-year-old twins, Julie and Jose Woodfield, present a bouquet at the R.A.F. Hospital. Their father is Warrant Officer S. Woodfield of Enfield, Middlesex.

TRADITIONAL GREETINGS ON THE ROYAL TOUR

Some of the many People who Took Part in Colourful Displays and Celebrations

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES FROM PALM ISLAND, NEAR TOWNSVILLE, WHO GAVE A DISPLAY BEFORE THE QUEEN IN QUEENSLAND : For this occasion they painted their bodies with highly-coloured earth and masked their faces with many blobs of white cotton-wool.

On right—

A MAORI WIDOW TAKES HER REST : Wearing ferns on her head, and dressed in black, this Maori, who had taken part in the ceremony at Waitangi, New Zealand, sits on the ground and rests her feet after the Queen's visit.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN MEET AT TONGA : After welcoming the arrival of the Queen and the Duke with dancing, and then participating in the mammoth feast given by Queen Salote, a Tongan warrior, wooden spear in hand, cycles home to his village. He is accompanied by a dancer in floral head-dress.

WELCOME TO THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN : Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clunies Ross, who own most of the chain of twenty small islands, the Royal visitors are greeted by a welcome dance performed by natives as they walk to Mr. Clunies Ross's house during their short stay.

KANDYAN DANCERS AND DRUMMERS PREPARE FOR THE RECEPTION IN THE DECORATED STREETS OF MATALE, CEYLON : The visit to this town was made during the journey to Nuwara Eliya, where the Queen and the Duke spent the Easter week-end before going on to Kandy. The Kandyan dancers and drummers took part in many of the ceremonies in the district, including the magnificent Raja Perahera. In the background of this picture is a ceremonial archway moulded from coconut palm leaves.

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THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH APPEAR ON THE BALCONY OF A FIJIAN HOTEL: They are seen waving to a great crowd of Fijians assembled outside the Grand Pacific Hotel, Suva, during the State Ball. The Royal couple stayed on the balcony for about 20 minutes, listening to the singing and watching the dancing below, before returning to the ballroom.

FIJIAN TORCH-BEARERS LIGHT THE WAY TO THE STATE BALL AT SUVA: Many of them formed two lines and ran alongside the Royal car as it made its way from Government House to the Grand Pacific Hotel. About 200 grass-skirted and bare-footed Fijians took part in the procession.

THE FIREWORK DISPLAY IN SYDNEY HARBOUR ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE ROYAL TOUR: This set-piece, a portrait in fire of the Queen and the Duke, was one of many in the display. Illuminated warships of the Royal Australian Navy are also seen.

THE TWO GREAT DOMINIONS OF THE PACIFIC IN CARNIVAL MOOD: *Left*—A night-time view of the brilliant illuminations on buildings in Auckland, New Zealand, and, *on right*, the scene in Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Australia. One Sydney suburb, Manly, bought and re-erected the elaborate construction which had adorned the Parliament Square end of London's Whitehall at the time of the Coronation. Picked out in lights in the picture on the left is the prayer "God Save Our Queen."

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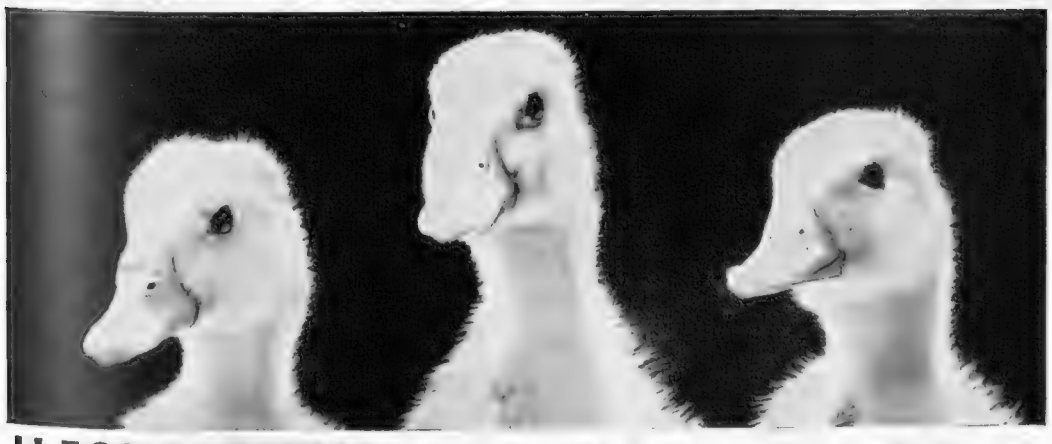

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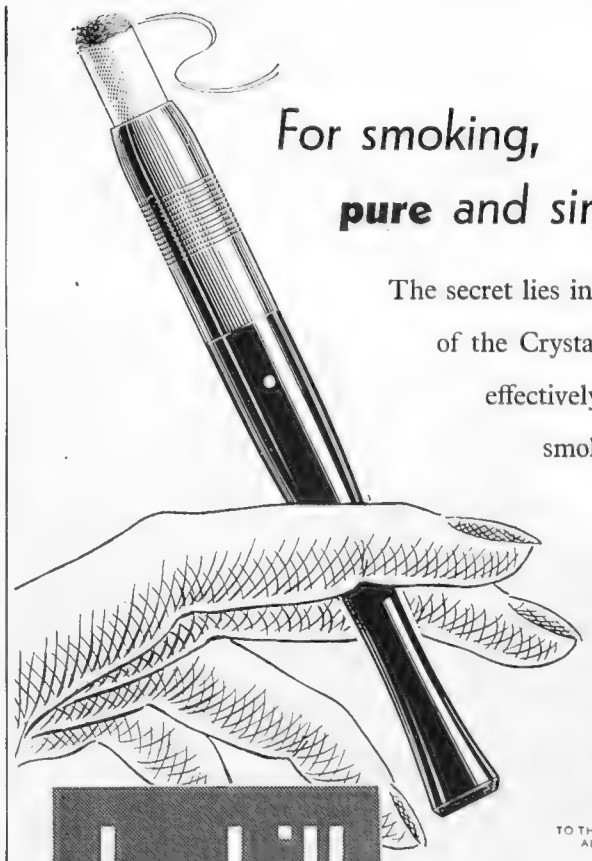

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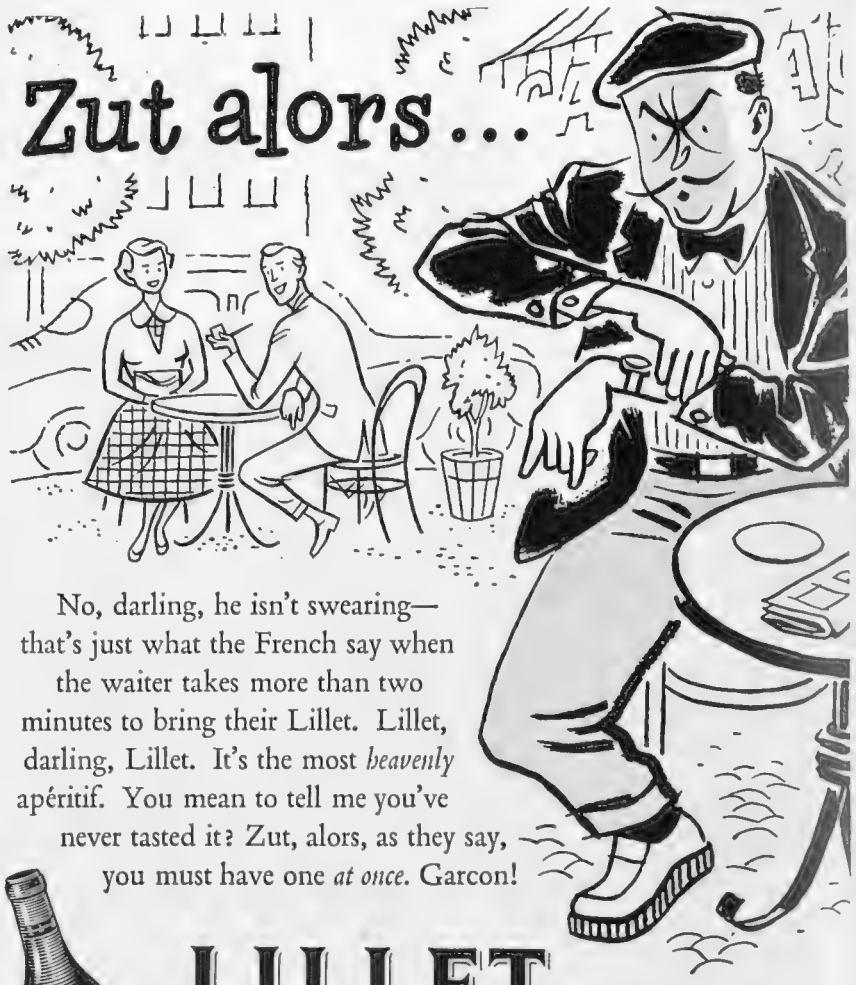

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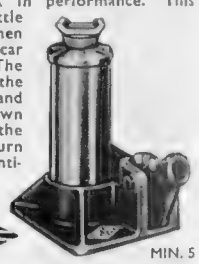

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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OF the many parliamentary Bills that have reached the Statute Book, that of daylight saving meets with the full approbation of all who enjoy being out and about.

For those whose vocations keep them indoors to, say, 5 p.m., there are still four to six hours of daylight left, varying with the setting sun, so I see no reason why every married man should not give his wife a midweek evening's holiday away from the cooking stove and the kitchen sink!

Touring around the country, I am impressed with the growing number of gastronomic objectives that beckon the town dweller to the country. Overseas visitors will soon be visiting London in full force. What better way can we entertain them than to take them for a drive into the country with good food and wine as one's goal? Fourteen miles away from London at the back of Northolt Airport, knowledgeable people repair to The Orchard, a country-house inn where so good is the food and wine, and such is the personal interest that one gets from the staff, that however listless one may feel after a hard day's work, one emerges in festive mood. No easier place to reach, no nicer place to entertain than this Orchard.

To combine history with gastronomy, take your overseas friends to Hampton Court and the historic Mitre Inn where will be found shades of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, Royalist and Roundhead.

To see more of the country, it is an easy exit from London—*via* Mitcham, Wallington, Purley, Sanderstead and Woldringham to The Old Bell at Oxted, in Surrey (22 miles), where that well-known restaurateur, Mr. P. Conti, has refurnished and restored this centuries-old inn. To-day it has more than taken its rightful place amongst Surrey's most popular ports of call. Not only will you find here a cosy lounge and snack bar, but a small restaurant where Italian and English dishes are featured in a pleasing country setting. I have heard comments that there are not many good places at which to lunch or dine on the north side of London, but quality more than makes up for quantity. One evening, *via* Finchley Road and Tally Ho Corner, make for Southgate. Then along Cockfosters road, take the second turning on the left after passing Cockfosters Underground Station, and you will find a modern brewer's house—The Cock, where mine host, Mr. Noel P. Jeffery, will personally supervise your order and recommend an appropriate wine. Before and after I recommend a constitutional in Hadley Woods!

Nineteen miles out on the Watford–St. Albans road will be found The Noke Hotel, with a Charles I staircase and an oak panelled dining-room where the resident owners give daily demonstration of their understanding of good food and wine. To sample The Noke is to return.

And what is thirty miles out on a summer evening? Even in the depth of winter, I know Londoners who find delight in running out to The Cromwell at Stevenage, where within reason one can get a meal at any time. A great name is this Cromwell for catering, cellar and service. I have yet to meet the person who has regretted the journey out there.

Essex is probably the least easily approached of the Home Counties, but on the borders of Hertfordshire note, by the Epping–Bishop's Stortford road, Harlow Mill Restaurant, where mine host, W. Bronson, is capable of catering for the most fastidious of epicureans. Here, twenty-two miles out from town, you might well close your eyes and imagine you had been transplanted to a country *auberge* on the Route Napoleon.

Town-dwellers in other parts of Britain have similar facilities for making the most of daylight-saving hours. At the Vineyard Restaurant, Colerne, six miles from Bath, I learnt that a majority of the clientele come from Bristol. Another great favourite with Bristolians is The Cross Hands, near Old Sodbury.

Up Leeds way you will talk of The Red Lion, South Stainley, Monk Fryston Hall, Punch's at Doncaster, and, closer to the city centre, the Parkway on the Otley road.

Near Birmingham I think one could spend a month dining out each night in pleasant surrounds. I can name but a few at random: The Stag at Redhill, on the Stratford-on-Avon–Alcester road (a great gastronomic magnet is this Shakespearean hostelry), The Chateau Impney at Droitwich, if you seek spacious luxury, and as a complete contrast, the Viennese atmosphere of The White Horse Inn at Balsell Common, on the Birmingham-Kenilworth road.

Moving over to Staffordshire, The Three Horse Shoes Inn draws a large evening clientele from the Potteries, Cheshire and Lancashire. Here a meal, obtainable at any hour, is a delight, for it is cooked individually to order, as it should be.

Inconspicuous, but none the less sought out, is the tranquil moorland village of Longnor, which is famed for but one thing, the food obtainable at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. Four miles off the Buxton–Leek and Buxton–Ashbourne roads, this famous inn draws its daily coterie of industrialists and professional men from a thirty-mile radius.

I shall be condemned as the Sassenach I am if I make no mention of Scotland. Edinburgh gourmets have plenty to excite them outside the city limits. Excellent examples are: The Woodside Hotel, Aberdour, The Open Arms at Dirleton, and for entertaining, if need be, in the grand manner, The Marine at North Berwick is one of Scotland's best.

Summer time is, alas, all too short in its duration, yet no parliamentary Bill could usefully prolong its time, for the Clerk of the Weather must have his say . . . after I have had mine!

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